EDWARD WORTLEY

AND

The Exile of Scotland.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

[EDWARD WORTLEY.]

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR DONALD MACKAY, 3, OLD BAILEY, LUDGATE HILL; SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES, PATERNOSTER ROW; WM. BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH; AND J. CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1818.

W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey, London.

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PREFACE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the censure cast upon novels by the cold, illiberal, and contracted moralist, the author is of opinion with the most eminent philosophers, who have acknowledged this species of writing to be the only mirror which shew man his vices and follies, as they exhibit those monstrous characters, that veiled in morality, securely prey upon society.

Whoever understands the human heart must be convinced it inherits a pride that revolts at brutal coercion, or reproof; and that the laboured denunciations of ethical reformers, counteract their own good, by abrupt castigations, which excite only ridi-

cule in the knave, and contempt in the fool. The novel, like the stage, exhibits folly and vice, without wounding personal feelings; who ashamed of their features, in visible characters, revive that sense of justice, which is only dormant in the most dissipated villain's bosom, now, blushing at his own image, becomes his own reformer.

Every man, even the most perfect, has his follies, which he wishes to conceal from the world; and I am convinced that an author never yet conceived, in his imagination, a human character that did not exist in society. The word novel is derived from the French; but according to that hypothesis there is nothing new. "The Exile of Scotland," which constitutes a portion of these volumes, is a fanciful production of Juvenile years, which found its likeness in Scottish characters.

The adventures of Wortley, are marked by the strokes of experience; it contains nothing visionary but the fortunate issue of the hero, which is a *droit* of fancy to virtue.

His account of America—is the testimony of his senses. He has not discoloured it by prejudice, but impartially delivered the scenes as they presented themselves to the adventurer. He found the men of the Transatlantic World endued with the same passions as characterise those of the Eastern hemisphere, but their minds are not so highly cultivated, and the purity of their hearts are rather more degenerate; yet they imbibe the same desires, the same wants, and their lots of pain and pleasures are equally blended.

It is a kind of patriarchal country, in its nascent state, whose population, contrasted with the extent of its territory, cannot consume its abundant produce. Our adventurer found the states indebted for their prosperity to the unhappy disputes with European states, which increased in a quadruple ratio since the French Revolution, an event of adventitious benefit to their fortune, that neither sprung from the fertility of their soil, nor yet from the wisdom of their go-

vernment, which, since that period, is the imported gift of European settlers.

Yet, with all their far-famed purity, they are controlled, or rather engrossed, by a party, who, aided by the passions of popularity, have converted it into an oligarchy, and the author has witnessed as much intriguing there as at borough elections in England. He has experienced the same distinction of classes in society, and seen man as miserable and despised, and surrounded by as many troubles as in those ancient states, whose imaginary oppressions are the constant themes of animadversion. Squires and Excellencies also to their selfish gratification, as multitudinously abound as the musquitoes of the Delaware. Yet they presume to detest human distinctions. It is true that men of property are more on a level than in the states of Europe, but can this be called an enviable happiness, when your domestics, and the mob, may abuse and disturb your fire side with impunity.

Like all republics, it is a mercantile

nation, where avarice is the ruling God, that puts up every thing to barter, even the *virtues.* Society there has no charms, nor man confidence in man. Should it be the fate of Britain ever to be republicanised, adieu then to the virtues and dignity of man.

A body of independent men, whose hearts are uncankered with the love of gold, are the required guardians in every country to cherish the arts, the sciences, and the virtues, and those other blessings, which, in all ages of the world, have distinguished the human character.

There is a strange perversion in those men of talent, who join the vulgar outcry against monarchy; the simple column, that most perfect and elegant of the geometric figures, points out the superiority of it to all other forms of society: it contains an adorned capital, the king, its shaft the nobles, and its base the body of the people; and should the mania of theorists ever destroy this beautiful symmetry of civilization, sad will be the visitation on mankind, the

nobleness of his nature will be destroyed, and he will retrograde into savagism. The passions were wisely implanted in his breast for the welfare of our nature, rewards alone can rouse their slumbering action, and these rewards can only come from that class of society, who, surrounded by splendour, can appreciate the magnificence of man, a class which cannot exist in any but a monarchical state. "The memorable Washington was convinced of this, and he wished the country he had won to have been a monarchy."

It is equally surprising as it is monstrous, that since the citizens of the American states are the sons of Britons, they should cherish a perpetual hatred to their mother country; but this is a fact and not a principle, that strengthens with their increase, and the security of the parent state can only be perpetuated by the preservation of her "fins," that invincible palladium nature has endowed her with.

What the author has said of America are

facts, the fruits of experience, though not copious, they abound with information. He would expose to his deluded countrymen some of the blossoms as well as the flowers of that land of promise, as he is convinced nine out of ten, who forsake the lands of their forefathers, find themselves disappointed.

But delusion seems the mania of the day; emigration and superstition is making hasty strides to delapidate the noblest column of human grandeur the earth has ever exhibited; but they should remember, if the pile of their country should fall, they and their children will be crushed in its ruins.

EDWARD WORTLEY.

EDWARD WORTLEY.

CHAPTER I.

It was on one of those balmy evenings, which the variable climate of Britain sometimes affords, when spring has thrown her last flowers upon the plains, and the rude winds, hushed to repose, breathe their soft zephyrs over the newly drest meadows; when all nature, revived by the genial warmth, seems expanding, and ready to give birth to lovely May, that Edward Wortley, a youth of eighteen, whose person bloomed with all the early graces of manhood, and whose highly cultivated, but wounded mind, was strung with all the finer chords of sensibility,

entered the picturesque valley of ——, in which the branching foliage nearly sheltered from the world, one of the prettiest villages of the island. The sun had sunk behind the fantastic hills which enclosed this fairy dell on the west, and the lustre of his descending car, blended with the soft grey twilight, painted with crimson shadows the summits of their rocky craigs, when the white tower of the village church caught his eye; he was roused from his trance of admiration of the works of nature, and laid hold of his horse's bridle, which before had laid on his neck, for the animal seemed to participate in his master's feelings, and mending his speed, soon arrived at the only inn in the village, the sign of the Crown.

Crowds of young rustics of both sexes, adorned with garlands of birch boughs and spring flowers, were assembled in the court, quaffing the sparkling liquor of Sir John Barleycorn, and eating plum cakes; and the vibrations of the merry harp and sprightly viol blended their sweet notes with the chorus of their merriment.

Edward, though he was born in the county, had never seen nor heard of these festivities; and as he accompanied the ostler with his horse to the stable, eagerly demanded of him what was the cause of all this mirth.

The knight of the straw and oats, with a shrug of his shoulders, and significant quiz, that spoke more contempt at the ignorance of our traveller than all Tom Brown's Satire could have done, answered, "What, zir, doesn't you know to-morrow's May-day? and the folks you zee in the court have been doffing the meads of all the flowers to dress the May-pole on Beech Hill."

It would have been strange if Edward could have guessed what he had never seen; but, conceiving he had been mistaken, he was resolved to apply that universal penance, money, to procure his pardon; and pulling a half crown out of his pocket, presented it to the astonished ostler, for he never before had received such a sum as a present: he made him several sonorous grateful scrapes with his

hob-nailed shoes, thanked his honor for his goodness, and shutting the stable door, joined the merry group in the court yard, praising the good gentleman to the skies.

Edward, as he walked towards the house, could not refrain from exclaiming, "what a powerful agent is money!" and wondered not that Jove made use of the golden shower to corrupt the innocent blooming Danæ. Its effects are the same on the minister who conducts the state vehicle, as on the humble stable boy who curries the traveller's horse; it extracts what no chemical preparation can do, the guilty stains from the breast of the plunderer of his country, and spreads more corruption among society than all the other accumulated evils of humanity.

The high priest of the temple of Bacchus, a little fat square-built fellow, shaped like one of his beer barrels, whose face, glowing with ale, produced what is vulgarly called carbuncles, looked like the ruddled rump of a fat Leicester wether driving to Smithfield market, welcomed our hero with as profound a bow as that

made by a needy sycophant to his august patron, who has a place in reversion to bestow.

This celebrated yeoman of the knight of the barley fields, though he had not all the wit of Le Sage's landlord, who had discovered in Gil Blas the ninth wonder of the world, possessed the utmost sagacity of his scoring tribe in picking the pockets of his guests, which he usually accomplished in the most good natured way. Before Edward had reached the door of the room in which he was to sit, he had received more homage than was agreeable to him, and was glad to be ushered into the presence of three persons, whom he saw smoking in the apartment; and who, his conductor informed him, were the vicar and two gentlemen farmers, and then retired.

As Edward walked towards the fire, they, with rustic and uncouth manners, steadily kept their places, eyeing him at the same time with rude and enquiring glances. Whether the vicar perceived in our hero's countenance the

lines of a Christian, it is not easy to determine, but he certainly moved his chair into the corner, which before was placed parallel with the fire, and very politely desired Edward to sit down; this was a peace offering. The farmers asked how the roads were, and the parson poured out for him a libation of bottled ale, which, after having pledged their healths, he drank. The bond of union was now firmly cemented, and the smoking incense of the tobacco again clouded the room; a little conversation passed, but it consisted chiefly of unmeaning monosyllables. When the vicar had finished his pipe, he enquired of Edward, (imagining he was a stranger,) whether he had ever seen the games of May-day. He was answered in the negative. "I suppose," rejoined the vicar, "you are a Londoner?" He replied, he had not seen that great city more than two or three times: and willing to satisfy their utmost curiosity, informed them briefly, he was just come from college, and was on his journey to Castle Vineyard; but as he had never seen the sports

of May-day, he would certainly remain, and be a spectator of them. This intelligence both surprised and satisfied the party; they all knew Castle Vineyard and its noble owner, and they supposed their guest was some young nobleman. A sudden change appeared in the company; the vicar expressed his respect, by begging him, as the evening was chilly, (though in fact it was very mild) to take his seat in the corner. The fat farmers drank his health three times in the same glass. Such is this odd world, that talents, genius, and even virtue, are all wrapped up in that vile sound, "wealth." Edward's guests seemed uneasy in his company; for they fancied themselves now as much his inferiors, as before they had thought themselves his superiors. Edward questioned the vicar, whether he did not believe the sports of May-day were the remains of the ancient feast of Flora? The vicar hemmed; and said, "he did not know." One of the farmer's, looking at Edward with great respect, said, "May-day had been May-day in

his grandfather's time, and would be so in his grand children's days, and so to the end of the world." Edward smiled at the rustic commentator.

When the vicar rang the bell, the landlord entered, was paid his reckoning, and, to his great mortification, as they used to stay late, the party, bowing to Edward, retired to the Vicarage House to conclude their nocturnal orgies. The vicar, who had never seen the Towers of Alma Mater, had received but a common Cambrian village education; but as he was a pleasant fellow, and a good shot, his father's landlord procured him a rural ordination, and in a short time presented him with a good living. But though the vicar had never heard of Falernian wine, he was an excellent judge of October, knew the value of a tythe pig, and when a venison pasty was well baked; and being moderate to his parishioners in setting his tythe, he was as much respected as if he had possessed all the lore of a college. He was a man of a good conscience, and ate, drank, and slept well.

He preached his sermon, married the folks, christened their children, churched the women, buried the dead, and some say, he romped with his house-keeper.

Edward being left alone, ordered his supper, and soon retired to rest, where he recollected the past events of his life. He cast many a fearful sigh on the prospect before him, but at last, wearied with thinking, he fell asleep. The reader, doubtless would wish to know who this Edward Wortley can be?—If he will patiently wait two or three chapters, his curiosity shall be gratified.

CHAPTER II.

The merry peal of the village bells drove from the couch of Edward, the shadowy visions of the night, and awakened him from his drowsy slumber. The early robin, from the honeysuckle under his window, saluted him with her grateful matins, and the rosy morning crimsoned the eastern hills with her blushes. Edward had risen and was adjusting himself at his toilet, when he fancied he heard footsteps on the stairs; and, turning himself towards the door, he beheld his sagacious landlord entering the room, and approaching him with the obsequious bows of a gentleman usher. This cunning wight of Sir John Barleycorn had heard his guest stirring, and fearing his purse-strings would be no more relaxed, was resolved to make a bold attempt to induce him to remain, and see the merry

sports of May-day; which, of course, would throw a few mites more into his own pocket; and making another step, he halted, and hoped his honor had had a good night's rest. Edward replied in the affirmative, and requested to know the reason of his early intrusion.

This unexpected rally checked his advances: he stood stock still, whilst the carbuncle on his huge proboscis deepened to the red flame of the ruby, and at last he stammered out, "that, hearing his honor stirring, he was doubtful his careless wench had forgotten something." Edward assured him he wanted nothing. The guardian of the cellar bowed, and retreated a few steps; he had failed in his errand, and his courage had forsaken him, he looked wistfully at his guest, and made another obsequious reverence, and then paused again. Another merry peal struck out, and Edward asked the landlord where the sports were to be held. The spirituous orator now conceived he had completed his victory, and looking as brisk as his bottled ale, cries, "Lord, your

honor, don't you know Beech Hill? why I can show it you out of this very window," drawing aside an old green curtain, and pulling down a blind, painted in imitation of brick and mortar, to cheat the window peeper. "Look here, your honor; there's Beech Hill, and you may see all the people in the village walking up to it."

Edward looked as he was desired, and perceived the May pole and a vast assemblage of persons. He told the landlord, he should walk up the hill, and desired him to order him his breakfast. The cheerful summons needed no repetition; for, "Bet, get the gentleman's breakfast," resounded from the top of the stairs to the caves of the cellar. Edward soon followed this jolly priest of Bacchus; and after eating his breakfast, walked towards the hill. The sun had risen in cloudless majesty, and dispelled the misty vapours of the night; the dew glittered on the leaf of the hawthorn; and hill, dale, and field were enlivened by the notes of the blackbird, the gambols of the lambkin, and the bleating of cattle.

Every step he ascended, presented their mingled charms, and formed a fairy landscape, which imparted to his breast a rapture which he never before had experienced. As he ascended, he heard the sounds of merriment blended with the sprightly notes of the pipe, the tabor, and the "brisk awakening viol;" and after having passed the rocky summit, at length arrived at the Green Temple of Rural Felicity. The queen of May, crowned with flowers, was tripping with her shepherd king merrily round the May-pole followed by numerous happy pairs. The aged, and the respectable people of the village, were reclined on daisied couches, or sitting beneath the bowers of the glossy beech tree.

Edward had wandered from group to group, a solitary but happy spectator of their innocent sports, till at last, whether by chance, or by the will of fate, it is hard for casuists to determine, while standing under the shade of an aged birch tree, whose slender branches, unassisted by art, formed a green-house impervious to the beams of

the sun, he heard some persons talking behind him, but as yet he had not observed them. The god of love, who was an invisible witness of the freaks of this sportive day, resolved to commit some mischief, and by his irresistible power compelled Edward to turn round, when he beheld a lovely girl of seventeen, fair as the poets feign the queen of the Graces, or as the Koran scribe has pictured the Houris of his paradise. The rose and lily blended, had painted her beauteous cheek; her eye, like the azure heaven, sparkled with bliss; her lip was the colour of Aurora's crimson zone; and her flaxen curls, in mazy ringlets, floated on her alabaster neck, like the amber tresses of the morn on the snow-capp'd Alps; she was of the middle size, but straight as the young cedar tree; and, to the astonished Edward, appeared like one of those celestial beings, who, in the golden age, used to come down and mingle with the sports of men. She reclined on the trunk of a tree, near a middle-aged, sensible, well-looking man, whom Edward conceived to be her father. He gazed on

the bewitching object till her eye met his, when a blush of modesty suffused her lovely countenance. Edward withdrew his ardent look, but soon he trespassed again, when her father politely inquired of Edward whether he had ever before seen the May games. It was an introduction Edward had wished for. He politely said no. At this instant a young man joined them, and petitioned Miss Juliet Somerville to dance with him. She declined his invitation. He then addressed himself to Mr. Somerville, and asked him to prevail on his daughter to take a hop with him round the May-pole. Edward was alarmed, though he knew not the cause. The father replied to the young man, she might act as she pleased. He entreated her again, but all to no purpose, and he quitted them.

Edward and Mr. Somerville entered into a very interesting conversation, in which Juliet sometimes modestly joined, embracing a variety of topics, which gave mutual delight, and proved to each the excellence of the other's understanding.

Edward, in the course of conversation, intimated that his intention of paying a visit to a relation in the neighbourhood had brought him to the village, and Mr. Somerville politely requested him, as he was at an inn, to spend the day with him, which Edward gladly accepted; and Juliet was so rejoiced, that though she did not then comprehend the meaning of it, she spoke her thanks in blushes.

Mr. Somerville, in jest, asked Edward whether he would like to join the dancing party, as he had no doubt Juliet would be glad to take a hop with him round the May-pole. Edward said he certainly should like a dance, if Miss Somerville would condescend to be his partner. Juliet, though a villager, was polite, and needed not from Edward a second request; never did a handsomer couple dance on the sportive green; all eyes were rivetted on them as they moved in the mazy throng. Juliet was happier than ever she had felt in her life, and she could not tell why; and Edward gazed upon Juliet, nor thought of any other object in the world. After a

few dances, the company separated to go and regale themselves in the village, and Edward, Juliet, and Mr. Somerville descended the hill along with the happy groups to partake of a dinner at Box Farm.

Edward had offered his arm to Juliet, which she accepted; for she never was in so much need of assistance, as she trembled with pleasing agitations her bosom had never felt before; and Edward feasted on emotions that often occasioned him to misinterpret the questions which Mr. Somerville asked him, with respect to the prospects they discovered on their way.

CHAPTER III.

As they entered Mr. Somerville's house, which was a modern, well-built brick mansion, they were welcomed by a plain, but neatly drest woman, the mistress of the house, and the mother of Juliet, who conducted them into a snug oak wainscotted parlour. Whilst seated by their peaceful hearth, Edward leisurely surveyed the countenance of his hospitable friend; Juliet and Mrs. Somerville were absent, preparing dinner, and he fancied he beheld those marks of benignity which distinguished the fathers of the patriarchal ages; his observations contained nothing selfish, but emanated from that christian benevolence which is ever sure to claim the attention of the hearer. In speaking of the vices or follies of the world, his condemnation was softened by regret at the failings of humanity; and in commenting on

the virtues of individuals, his praises were so sincere, that the listener was enraptured, and believed that virtue had fixed her abode in the soul of this amiable man. It was also Edward's opinion, that if real happiness ever visited the earth, her residence was to be found in the oak parlour he then sat in.

By chance, a bye-stander might think, but Juliet's heart said by choice, she placed herself opposite to Edward, at the dinner-table, and though it was late, and it was natural to suppose they were hungry, they feasted upon something to them more delicious than the plump breast of a chicken, which, covered with savoury parsley and butter, smoked upon each other's plate; for when Edward gazed, Juliet would blushingly look down, and when Edward took up his knife and fork, Juliet would steal a glance, such a glance as Venus cast on Adonis, when first she saw the boy sleeping on beds of violets. When their repast was over, a small round table was substituted, on which was placed

a bottle of old Metheglin, from the storehouse of the hive, and foaming jugs of brown nectar. Edward had never tasted the liquor of the bees; and when he pledged the family in a bumper, declared it was the most delicious beverage he had ever tasted.

Mrs. Somerville possessed christian piety, and goodwill to mankind; and performed all the duties of the gospel, "by doing unto others what she required that they should do unto her." Though of moderate fortune, as her husband farmed only his own estate, she was the Dame Bountiful of the parish, and no sick person languished on his bed without her charitable visits. Juliet had received a good education, mostly under her father's auspices. She was well acquainted with the history of her country, and had read the works of its best authors; though her avocations, for she was a constant assistant of her mother, afforded her not time sufficient to digest them. She appreciated the blessings of domestic comfort, and

was never so happy as when with her parents, under their paternal roof.

The bellman of the night, the prating clock, had struck the longest hour, when Edward rose with reluctance to take his leave. Juliet was angry with the time-piece, and said it was too fast; Mr. and Mrs. Somerville wished it had been earlier. They pressed their young friend to call on them when he returned through their village, which Edward promised, and pressing Juliet's hand, who looked pale and trembled, and those of her father and mother, he thoughtfully retired, and as soon as he reached the inn, went with a perturbed breast to bed; he thought of Juliet, though Prudence, with her chill counsel, strove to drive her sylphed image from his memory, till the dawn appeared, when he was refreshed with a short sleep, during which a pleasing dream brought the lovely Juliet again to his remembrance.

CHAPTER IV.

EDWARD Wortley was the fourth descendant from a village despot, commonly designated by the sounding name of a country 'squire; a being who entirely possesses the bowels of the earth; who takes umbrage at the least innovation on his manor, but who lives on the fruits of the industry of other people, and leaves no inheritance to the poor, but the whipping-post and the poor-house.

Such is the barbarous law of Norman feudalism, introduced into England at the time of the conquest; usurpation of the common rights of mankind, which not even the Macedonian son of Jove, as he presumptuously styled himself, nor the proud Cæsars who broke asunder every other social tie, durst venture to assume. The ancient slave with impunity

could slay the stag in the presence of Nero, and retain it as his lawful prize; whilst the English freeman (if he be unable to pay the fine) is incarcerated, or for a second attempt, transported to the burning sands of a distant world, there to pine in slavery, for entrapping the animal who enters his garden and devours the nourishment of his helpless children: and many are the bad consequences of this privileged usurpation by a few landed proprietors; and of which country gentlemen are more tenacious than of their country's welfare.

Mr. Wortley was one of the most rigid of this class, and he considered no crime so great in the code of sins, in an unqualified man, as the setting a net to catch a hare, or shooting a pheasant, or a partridge.

He was an only son of a doting father, who dying whilst he was in his minority, left him master, before he knew the use of money, of a considerable property. Mr. Wortley, like most heirs of great fortune, though possessed of strong natural talents, derived no other advantage from a liberal

education, than the knowledge of spending money; and his intellectual stock contained little more than a consummate acquaintance with the game laws.

His person was manly, and his countenance as finely formed as nature exhibits in her finest models; and with that *brusquette* which distinguished his haughty carriage, he was, in all companies, the favourite of the ladies: he, however, seldom associated but with young unlettered men of independence like himself, and who did homage to him as the Agamemnon of the sporting confederacy, who attended their hunting excursions; but as they were regaled with good roast beef and strong beer, the expence never exceeded the income of the noble 'squire of Olive Hall.

Mr. Wortley was beloved by most of the surrounding families of distinction; and he had full permission to hunt when he pleased on the extensive domains of Castle Vineyard, which belonged to Lady Faingood. He and his followers, after a successful day's chase, were returning to the hall, when the party met Lady F.'s

carriage, in which was a young lady of incomparable beauty. Edward rode up to the carriage door to pay his respects to the ladies. He never before looked so handsome. Glowing with exercise, his countenance bloomed with all the blushes of health, and every feature sparkled with the lustre of animation. Lady F. was struck with his fine figure, and Miss S., her relation, shared the same attraction.

After enquiring the health of the ladies, and passing a few other trifling compliments, he was politely invited to the castle, which he declined on account of his party, but assured Lady F. he should not be long a debtor to her politeness, and waving his hat, rode after his companions, who all protested they had never seen such a goddess in their life as the young lady in the carriage. One of the most familiar cries, "Ned, there's a good wife for you, she is heiress to Castle Vineyard, she has not much money herself, but the old woman can't live long." Mr. Wortley heard and ruminated on what his companion had said, but spurred his horse and

gallopped on, for he was hungry, and hunger to him was a want as necessary to be attended to as love. After the carousing of the evening, and his tippling company were gone, Mr. Wortley, who, perhaps, never thought deeply before, began to picture on his mind the events of the day.

It is true, he was in no haste for a wife, but some one might steal this pretty rose away, and then he should lose the chance of being landlord of the finest estates in the county. Thus ambition, that mighty passion, which throws down states and empires, and bruises in the dust the fragrant flowers of human happiness, accomplished in Mr. W.'s soul what freezing love would not have effected, and he resolved to put off, for one day, the sports of the field, in order to pay his respects to the beautiful heiress of Castle Vineyard: and having formed the resolve, he took one potation more of strong beer and retired to his pillow, not to think, but to snore the long night away.

Next morning Mr. Wortley, in his gay scarlet dress, a fatal colour, moralists say, to

the ladies, rode to the castle, where he was most graciously received by Lady F. in the absence of her cousin, who had gone out to walk in the pleasure grounds.

The good woman had heard every body say, Mr. Wortley was a good-natured man, which she considered as including all the necessary qualities of a husband, though it often proves but the affected covering of a barbarous heart; and she heartily wished this young accomplished 'squire to be united to her cousin, who was the loveliest of her sex, her beauty being the smallest prize; her wit, her grace, her bewitching softness, and the spotless purity of her mind deserved the guardianship of the worthiest of the other sex. But the fates, to whose stern decree they say even Jove must bend, consigned this matchless bud of female excellence to be crushed by the rude embrace of insensibility.

Miss S., when returned from her promenade, found Mr. Wortley and Lady F. in a close *tête-à-tête*. Mr. W. on her entrance rose and bowed profoundly.

Miss S. returned the compliment in a low curtsey; and Lady F. peevishly exclaimed, "How long you have been, Emily; Mr. Wortley has been waiting here an hour to see you."

Like the coming of the summer morn over the eastern hills was the blush upon the cheek of the trembling maid. She excused herself to Lady F., by saying she had been collecting a bouquet in the green-house, and then made a very respectful apology to Mr. Wortley. It so happened that by the masterly tactics of Lady F., whose feelings, blunted by age, minded not the scruples of female delicacy, and who had long meditated the match.

Edward commenced his first campaign under Field Marshal Cupid that evening, and by the auxiliary assistance of Lady F., pressed Emily so closely that she was forced to capitulate and consider her besieger as her future lord.

How many fatal marriages are effected through the indiscreet zeal of friends, without deliberating that the contract is for life; and that no chance of lasting hap-

piness can exist but by a union of minds as well as a union of hands.

Mr. Wortley's visits were frequent, and the marriage contract was signed within the short lapse of twenty days. Acquaintance and the consummation immediately followed.

Thus, through the indiscretion of an imbecile friend, was the fairest flower of humanity, that ever spread its fragrance upon the earth, torn from the sunny bower of prosperity to fade and be for ever bruised by the rudest afflictions of life.

A nuptial feast is the common topic of all novels; and it will be only necessary in this instance to say, that this equalled in banquet, bell-ringing, and beauteous bride maids, any wedding the county had ever witnessed. It was so joyful that happiness might be said to have expired at the conclusion of the festivities.

Olive Hall soon became again the seat of vulgar hilarity, which, besides its ancient guests, was continually thronged by Mr. Wortley's Welch cousins, who made it their fixed residence, and the genteel

families of the neighbouring towns, who never had visited it while it was bachelor's hall.

Miss S. had brought Mr. W. but a small fortune, and was now as benevolent to the poor as when she had the uncontrolled management of Lady F.'s princely purse. Their mode of living was also extravagant; wines were substituted for the ancient beverage of beer: the establishment was increased, to which was added the expence of a coach. These expences doubled the rent of Mr. Wortley's income, and he was compelled to cut the timber on his estate.

Mrs. W. did not conceive the difference of a large and small fortune; this was her only error. She had not been educated for mediocrity, which aggravated the folly of her cousin in making the unequal match.

Within the first year of their union, Edward Wortley, the subject of this memoir, was born; the rejoicings extended through the county, his parents not foreseeing the hardships he was destined to undergo.

Their expences increased, and the tim-

ber was all cut down. Mr. Wortley was compelled to raise money by mortgage, that fatal canker-worm, which, when it begins its ravage, at length devours the largest estates. He attached himself to base women, became fond of cock-fighting, horse-racing, and all expensive games: and after Edward had reached his ninth year, when he was put to a public school, his father seldom came to the hall.

The feelings of the disconsolate Mrs. W. cannot be described. Grief, like a worm, coiled on her damask cheek and ate its bloom away, and all that remained of beauty's self was the pale lily that spread a deadly sadness over her cheek. She never divulged her grief; misfortune had exercised her understanding, it was always a good one, but she had never known the experiments of life.

Mr. Wortley had by successive mortgages eaten up all his property, and nothing remained of his property but Mrs. W.'s jointure. The rent of his estate was drawn by himself, and she was compelled to pawn her jewels to maintain

herself, and to support her son at the University, who had now entered his eighteenth year. Those Welch cousins, to whom she had been so liberal, the town acquaintance, whose unceasing visits contributed to the ruin of her husband, fled from her distress like insects from the shade; as likewise those fawning cottagers who had unceasingly shared her bounty. In the hour of her distress, if she only wanted some trifling assistance performed by them, they insulted her. Distress had stript off the mask of hypocrisy, and she beheld man a prowling beast of prey: only one faithful servant remained with her.

It was on one of those stormy evenings of November, when nature looks all sadness, and bird, beast, and man seem mute with grief, and utter not a note of joy, that Mrs. Wortley and her maid, the former pondering on her forlorn situation, heard the trampling of horses in the court that led to the hall, and was quickly surprised with the sight of her husband attended by two decently dressed men. He roughly informed her of the object of his visit,

which, he said, was for her to sign those parchments the gentlemen then produced. She tremblingly demanded what they were. He answered in thunder, the mortgage deeds of her jointure; and he insulted her at the same time with mentioning the smallness of her own fortune, which he had received. She thought of her son, and refused. He swore, he clenched his fist, and intimidated her to that degree, that, scarcely knowing what she did, she took the fatal pen and signed the papers.

The brute had gained his purpose; he laughed in her face, and jocosely cried to his companions, "Come along my lads."

The storm was too heavy for the perishing flower; she remained in a stupor of grief, till she was entreated by the maid to go to bed; and in the morning this beauteous victim of brutality was found a corpse.

Thus perished the fairest woman that ever adorned the earth; a jewel-case that bore an angel's mind, sacrificed to brutish insensibility, by the weakness of a

friend and protectress, whose feeble enquiries never extended beyond her drawing-room; and who, when she heard the sad intelligence of her cousin's untimely death, one who from infancy had grown in her presence, shed not a tear, but read the servant's letter with the same frigid indifference as she would have perused the common obituary list of a foreign newspaper. Such are the various characters of man. It is hard to discriminate whether generous vice is not more worthy than unfeeling virtue; a mere machine that eats, and drinks, and sleeps, but never thinks.

Mr. Wortley purchased a commission in a foreign regiment. He informed his son of his mother's death, that he was a ruined man, and enclosed him £100, saying that he was well provided for, as he would receive his uncle's legacy of £1,000 in a few months. The grief of Edward was excessive; he loved his mother, and wished he could respect his father; his unfeeling manner was an insuperable obstacle to affection. But he murmured not

at his conduct, though he had ruined himself and him, and what was worse, had broken the heart of his mother. He mourned her loss with unfeigned sorrow; his susceptible soul shook with horror as he contemplated the lovely sacrifice ere she was hidden for ever in the dust. Lady Faingood paid the funeral expences, but her letter to him breathed no honored feeling, and her invitation to him to make Castle Vineyard his home, when Term closed at Oxford, seemed a forced politeness. Edward's soul wept at the unnatural world, and a damp chill shook his frame as the passing bell of his mother tolled its sorrows o'er the blessed martyr, and his heart was sick and sad for some weeks after his return to Oxford.

CHAPTER V.

The rosy cheeked morning peeped through the lattice of Edward's chamber; who, awakened by the shrill song of chanticleer, calling his feathered dames into the inn-yard to pick up some oats, which the careless ostler had dropped from the half peck he was carrying to the stable to his horse, shook off the drowsy visions of the night, and blessing the fineness of the day, hastily dressed himself, and as his horse was at the door, with a feeling neither sad nor joyful, something like that pause or calm in nature, which precedes the strife of its raging elements, cantered off, without thinking of any thing, except when the bright image of Juliet floated over the mirror of his memory; his feelings then were transport-

ing, and, during those delicious moments, not a care shadowed his raptures.

The great clock of Castle Vineyard struck eight just as he reached the lodge at the park gate; the deep sound as it tolled the hour in the breeze, roused up all his fears and doubts, and with a heavy heart and melancholy countenance he asked the gate-keeper, as his horse slowly passed, what company were at the castle? "All the county," answered he surlily, and slammed the gate.

Edward sighed, and involuntarily inflicting a wound on the flanks of the poor beast, gallopped up the avenue to the great entrance; he did not fancy, but he certainly perceived, a rudeness in the groom who took his horse: the behaviour of servants is a plain type of the good or ill-will of their haughty employers; and Edward augured but a cold reception from his aged and phlegmatic cousin.

This belief was strengthened by the saucy familiarity of the butler when he opened the door, who with a *je ne sais quoi* indifference, or rather impudence,

exclaimed, "None of the family are up." Edward retreated, without uttering a syllable, and strolled into the flower-garden, and seeing the green-house door open, walked in, where he met the head gardener, who, on being questioned when he intended putting out the orange trees, answered, in the same rude style of the others, "Indeed he was no conjurer; how could he foretel the weather?" Edward sighed, put his hands behind his back, and returned into the garden, whilst his heart bled, and dark despair crushed every hope that sprung upon his memory. An aged spaniel, which he remembered to have been his favourite when he was a favourite at the castle, came crawling towards him, and licked his feet; this token of friendship in one of the instinct tribes was too powerful for Edward, and he burst into a flood of tears.

"And dost thou acknowledge me, Carlo, (for that was the name of the dog,) when man, endowed with reason, flies from me, and leaves me an outcast upon the world? Come, let me pat thy

faithful head; I have nothing else to reward thee with."

Edward, attended by his companion, walked round the garden, and he sighed over every shrub from whence, in the sunshine of favour, he used to gather flowers to present to Lady Faingood. They were prophetic *expiration*, that he should no more behold them, and that another would enjoy what, by legal right, should be his.

He pensively returned to the Castle, and was introduced into the breakfast room, where he saw, but was not introduced to them by Lady Faingood, Lord Random, and his sister, Lady Letitia; Lord Littleworth; Sir David and Lady Danglewight; Sir Peter Lapwing; Counsellor Mopehead; and old Colonel Staggerwit. Lady Faingood, extremely feeble with age, alone nodded to Edward; but it appeared only a mechanical motion, unattended with any energy of affection of the mind. A cup of coffee was brought to Edward and he ate his breakfast; whilst the voluble tongues of the others, sounding

neither sense nor reason, continued without intermission till the tea equipage was removed, when Lord Random, addressing Lord Littleworth and the other gentlemen, exclaimed, "now for our course in the park. I'll bet five hundred with any gentleman, my black Molly beats any greyhound started against her."—"Done," answered Lord Littleworth, "and I'll double the bet, that Highflyer beats her," and off the party went, without an invitation to Edward to join their sport. Lady Faingood and the ladies rose to retire, and as she was leaving the room, she entreated Mr. Wortley to stay dinner. She had dropped the familiar name of Edward, and with it dropped her affection, if ever she was capable of cherishing that pious passion. Now left to himself, Edward bitterly reflected upon his fate; he found he had no friends, and revolved in his mind what he should do. His determination was to return to Box Farm, and board in that happy family; and though his prospect terminated in becoming the husband of Juliet, and turning farmer, the conclusion

remained unsettled. He fixed within himself to stay dinner, though he anticipated it would be only to have his wounds ripped open by unfeeling wealthy folly, and hard-hearted pride, but he had promised, and he would not, for the severest penalty, commit an outrage on politeness. Oppressed with his distressing thoughts, he walked into the pleasure grounds to pass away the weary interval. In rambling towards them, a thought struck him he would enter the stable, and see if his horse had met with better treatment than his master. He found the poor animal in the same condition as he had given him to the groom. The bridle in his mouth, the saddle upon his back, and the dirt upon his legs, no hay in the rack. The horse neighed when he saw his master, as if to reprove him; but had he known his owner's feelings, he would have been patient under his privations.

Edward rubbed his legs, took off his saddle and bridle, and mounting into the hay-loft, filled the rack with hay. A stable boy entering, he requested him to

put a feed of oats in the manger. "Oats," replies the impudent puppy, "why we have not enough for our own horses," and whistling a tune, off he scampered.

Edward, fortified by his own reflections from the effects of insult, shut the stable door, and rambled into the plantations. Lady Danglewight and Lady Letitia Random passed him in one of the *allies vertes* without speaking, though they tittered in his face. In the first gravel walk he entered, he met an old man whom he remembered to have attended him in his infancy, and suspecting only a fresh rudeness intended to have walked by him, but old Thomas was not to be served so; he still loved his young master, the distinguished epithet by which, formerly, all the servants addressed him, and running up to him, the tear glazing his eye, cries, "God bless you, Sir, things are strangely altered at the castle since I used to lead the poney you rode about in the park." "They are, indeed, Thomas," sighed Edward. "Ah, master Edward," an-

swered Thomas, "Lady Faingood used to love only you. But now they tell me Lord Littleworth is her favorite, because he is rich, but he will make a terrible master, and I'll be bound not a pint of beer nor a crust of bread will be given away at the castle. I don't know how it is, but our good lady gets very forgetful as she grows older; I wish she would grow younger, and all things would be well. She sometimes does not know me, though I have lived in her service fifty years. Indeed, they say, she is dotish; and Mr. Longfob, the steward, who is Lord Littleworth's friend, can make her sign any papers he pleases." Edward was absorbed in grief, old Thomas went on. "Some say, strange things have been done that wont bear the light. But God is above the devil." The dinner bell rung, and interrupted the conversation. Edward offered Thomas half-a-crown, but he would not accept it, and he returned to the house.

When he entered the dining-room, the party were seated at dinner; he made

that bow, and cast that glance upon Lady Faingood, whose idol he had constantly been till he went to college, when his father's distresses were first made public, that had decaying nature left one drop of sensibility in her contracted heart, it would have refilled its fountain with tenderness for her cousin, and excited her indignation against her illiberal and unmannerly guests. But age had completely benumbed the faculties of her soul, like the frosts of winter the flowers of the garden. Edward's generous breast pardoned his cousin's imbecility, and he began eating his dinner with a *sang froid* that stung his companions. But their malice was determined not to lose its revenge: the silly, sensual Counsellor Mopehead, in the triumphant tone of a joke, cries, "the latter end of a feast is better than the beginning of a fray. Is it not, Ned?" raising the tenor of his squeaking voice. Edward made no reply. Lord Littleworth perceiving his friend foiled, rushed on with his licentious reinforce-

ment of illiberality, and simpering to Lady Faingood, unconscious of the subject he meditated, observed, "it certainly was rude in a gentleman to make his company wait dinner for him." Edward coloured, but remained silent. Lady Letitia Random tittered, "Fye, gentlemen, why do you make Mr. Wortley blush?"—"It is a symptom of morality," cries the silver-tongued Sir Peter Lapwing. "So it is," adds Sir David Danglewight, "and the certain witness of a crime." Colonel Staggerwit, hurt by the illiberality of these inhuman tormentors of the *beau monde*, surlily remarked to them, "that he believed his friend's (Mr. Wortley) modesty, was a sign he possessed true philosophy, which is an impregnable shield to the shafts of envy and calumny; upon which, to the confusion of the party, who believed Edward was destitute of a friend, he filled two glasses of Madeira, and asked him to pledge him. But his foes, though repelled, were not vanquished. Sir David, stung to the soul at this complaisance of the Colonel, was determined to change

his mode of attack, and direct his imple-ments of revenge at the citadel of his heart; and, assuming that artificial smile, with which the man of the world, as the immortal bard says, "who is worn and hackneyed in the ways of men," can mask the intentions of an evil breast, in a tone of affected sympathy, says, looking at Edward, "Ned, your father has made sad work of it."—"It is," adds Sir Peter, "what I thought his immorality would bring him to,"—"Olive Hall," repeats Lady Danglewight, looking in Lady Fain-good's face, "is a very fine estate."—"Gambling is the worst vice of man-kind," cries Lord Littleworth, though he was the greatest gambler in England. "It is," adds the Colonel, searching the countenance of Lord Littleworth, till he turned it aside, and blushed. The heart of Edward, which the angels of mercy alone beheld, overflowed with griefs, which the tempest of his feelings had tinged with blood, but not a trace of his sorrow would fortitude permit to appear on his manly face, and the weapons of ill-

nature recoiled and fell upon his enemies; but their artillery was not expended.

The unfeeling Lord Random, demanded of him what course he meant to pursue under his present misfortunes; "the church, Ned, is an excellent avenue to preferment; and it may be in my power to advance your interests." Edward thanked his lordship with those dignified sceptic compliments, which showed he conceived his insincerity, that shivered his lordship's weapon, which the volatile Lady Letitia did not comprehend, or she would have spared her ill-timed wit. "Why, brother, Mr. Wortley is not fit to be a parson; he is so handsome, that when he is in the pulpit, he will teach the young ladies to sin, instead of to pray." The drowsy counsellor willing to come in with his joke, said, "any cloth would dye black, but I would advise Ned to study the law, that is the opening for fine talents."—"You are right in your observation," adds the moral Sir Peter; "that is the road that leads to the judge's robe, and the seals, provided

they are moral characters, and stick to the crown." Edward, though he conceived in the throbbing and rapid impressions of his mind, the horrors of dependence, remained a serene visitor in the midst of his enemies, his God knew and pitied his pains, but he concealed them from the human brute.

Sir David was resolved to make another trial to conquer his stubbornness of feeling, and gain a triumph for his party. "Ned," exclaimed the baronet, "I should think a tutor's situation would be a suitable profession for you; you would have the opportunity of travelling abroad, and seeing the world at another's expence; and the labour of attending to a young heir is not very oppressive."—"I think," rejoins Colonel Staggerwit, "any situation would be preferable to that he is in now," and commenced a conversation with Edward on political economy, a theme these wealthy fools did not comprehend. And Lord Random, to the great mortification of his teazing companions, began the hundredth account, as Lady Danglewight

remarked, of his European tour. His first adventure on the Continent after he had passed the Straits was, to leave among the sharpers of Paris ten thousand pounds of his paternal inheritance, his health and his nice feelings of honor, but no wit; with this precious gift nature had not endowed him. From France, passing it like a balloon, and making no more observations of that fine country, than the gas traveller, he arrives at Rome, kisses the Pope's toe, a courtesy most rich English travellers are proud to share; saw the antiquities of the city, but never enquired their names or founders, then became the cecisbeo of a cardinal's bona roba, had a narrow escape from being stillettoed by a bravo at Florence, for attempting to seduce a young lady of family; escaped to Naples in a galley, took a peep at Mount Vesuvius, went by sea to Trieste, arrives at Vienna, was presented with a gold snuff box by the emperor, travelled through Poland to Petersburgh, danced with one of the archduchesses at a court gala, was presented with a pair of diamond buckles,

by the autocrat of all the Russias; and after an absence of three years, returned to his seat at Chateauville, in the county of ———, understanding no more of the customs, laws, manners, physical strength, and political relations of the states he had passed through, than Bacon's marble bust, that remained in his library, and only bringing home to his country a gold snuff-box, and a diamond pair of buckles.

Edward, in the intervals of his conversation with the Colonel, surveyed, with deep grief, the visible inanity on Lady Faingood's countenance, who sat on her chair like a statue, or resembling, more properly, the acoustic figure invented by a Marquis of Worcester, which would utter, when the wind blew upon it, certain articulate sounds, resembling the human voice; and the venerable, but infirm, Lady Faingood, who remained motionless when the eyes of the company were withdrawn from her; but when addressed by either of the party, politely timed the negative and affirmative, and this was all the share she took in

the conversation of the table. She was surrounded by interested relations, whose respect was to her vast property.

Edward perceived the odds against him, and surrendered up his own cause as vain. He knew Castle Vineyard was no longer a welcome residence to him, and after bowing respectfully to the company, which was only returned by the Colonel, he departed, saddled his own horse, and the animal, as if rejoiced he had escaped from his inhospitable treatment, gallopped down the park, and continued his pace till he arrived at Dorchester's Inn, where he had rested in peace and plenty.

The visions of independence were all chased from the distracted mind of the emulous Edward, and he retired immediately to bed, resolved to wait on Mr. Somerville the next morning, and solicit of him an asylum. His heart was pure and spotless, and his affection for Juliet he considered only as a brotherly tenderness, nor knew, till some time afterwards, that it was the cureless wound of Love.

CHAPTER VI.

Edward, after having passed a restless night of painful reflections, rose with a heavy heart from his pillow, determined to call that morning on his friend, Mr. Somerville, with whom he fancied he should find a haven of consolation from the rude storms that already had beset him on his perilous voyage of life.

Whilst he was dressing himself, his eye fell upon the broken mirror that stood upon his table, and as he surveyed his pale face, a tear rose from the fountain of his heart, and he ejaculated "Alas! poor Edward! how frail is man! how deceitful his prospects! Life is a lottery, and its prizes are the certain rewards of the unworthy! this fantastic dispensation, which seems so regular for chance, whilst it is inscrutable, increases and strengthens the

kingdom of Vice, which abounds in unhappiness, and reduces Virtue to be a wandering pilgrim on the earth."

The image of Juliet at this instant rose upon his mind, like an angel of immortality; and contending passions, as the shadow of the night before the morning, fled from its seraphic splendour.

He descended the stair-case, and after looking to his horse, walked, with more composure, towards the hospitable roof of Box Farm. As he was coming out of the inn-yard, he met Mr. Somerville returning from his fields; the surprise was mutual and grateful. Mr. S. perceiving the paleness and melancholy of his young friend's countenance, with the sympathy of an old acquaintance, took Edward's hand between his, and with much earnestness demanded if he were unwell? Edward assured him of the contrary, and that if any alteration was perceptible, it was occasioned by yesterday's fatigue.

Mr. S. seemed to doubt the intelligence, but with a smile of the kindest benevo-

lence, insisted upon his accompanying him home to breakfast. Edward felt rejoiced his own design was so happily anticipated, and thanked him for his invitation.

On his entering the oak parlour, where before he thought he had feasted on the most disinterested banquet he had ever shared in his life, he was greeted by the divine Juliet, and her amiable mother. The ruby messengers of the conscious heart, like rosy clouds of morn, mantled with quick succession the cheeks of the lovely daughter, and told the gladness of her surprise; and the mother's officious haste to present him with buttered toast, displayed the sincerity of her welcome.

In the first joy of this unexpected visit, neither Juliet nor Mrs. Somerville had perceived the emaciated looks of Edward; and as the mother, with the tenderest concern, remarked the paleness of his countenance, the daughter sighed bitterly and let her tea-cup fall. "I made the same observation to my young friend when I

first met him," said Mr. Somerville; "I hope you are not ill," continued the good woman.

"Dear madam, I rode very hard yesterday, and I only feel fatigued."

Juliet, paler than the lily, looked doubtingly in Edward's face, and Mrs. Somerville seemed not satisfied. She was resolved to make another effort, as she was convinced some secret grief or disappointment preyed upon his mind: and after pausing a little time, the better to arrange her attack, she began by assuring Edward that they all felt interested in his welfare; and as friends should not be selfish in concealing their griefs, which by sharing became lighter, she hoped if he had met with any recent misfortunes, he would not conceal them from those, whose feelings, to be made acquainted with them, were not prompted by curiosity. That earnestness of tenderness in the questions of Mrs. Somerville, more like the anxious mother than a common friend, overpowered Edward, and he instantly unbosomed his woes, by informing them of his strange

reception at Castle Vineyard, with an account of his family and prospects.

Mr. and Mrs. Somerville seemed petrified; Juliet felt a cold chill at the knowledge of Mr. Wortley's family, and love and respect had a strong struggle in her soul, though she knew not the names of the combatants; for though she loved Edward, she interpreted her affection into kindness for the most pleasing being she had ever seen; and now she cherished respect, she could not conceive the latter was an enemy to the tender passion, *mais l'amour est toujours vainqeur*, and like an ambitious despot under the disguise of tenderness he had banished all rivals from the breast of the innocent Juliet, when Mr. Somerville exclaimed "Monsters!" and anxiously looking on Edward, said, he knew his mother, Mrs. Wortley, and that she was an angel of goodness: the tear fell from the eye of Edward on hearing his mother's name, and the sympathising drop spread a pearl on Juliet's cheek. Mrs. Somerville pulled out her handkerchief when Mr. S. continued :—

"Your mother was brought up at the castle, educated in notions of princely magnificence, and considered the heiress of those vast estates; and it was the astonishment of all people of reflection, that Lady Faingood did not convey to your mother, as a marriage portion, some part of this property, to have supported her customary dignity, and to have secured her from those misfortunes consequent from expensive habits with a limited income. But, poor lady! she never reflected in her life; and though thousands have been lavished at Castle Vineyard, from the pious motive of assisting the indigent, Lady F. never did a charitable action in her life. What I mean by a charitable act is the relief of worthy merit, or spreading with sustenance the famished table of real distress. Those who have constantly rioted in her bounty are the vicious idlers of her own neighbourhood, in some degree connected with the servants, men and women, whose labours would supply them with the comforts of independence, but who prefer the degrading and hypocritical trade of men-

dicity, that they may live in idleness and crime. One of these wretches has publicly boasted, that under different disguises, he has filched the lady, as he says, out of three guineas in one day, by the tales of a sick family, a burnt house, and a shipwreck, no doubt assisted in his successful impositions by the servants, who shared the plunder. In fact, Castle Vineyard is a republic of beggars, and there is not a farmer can raise any poultry in the neighbourhood, as it is certain to be stolen. These are the locusts outside the castle, those within are still more dangerous plunderers. It is rumoured Lady F. has distributed to the children of Sir David Danglewight and Counsellor Mopehead all her valuable cabinet of jewels, as remunerations for fire screens, fans, and some other ornaments, which the parents purchased at Ackerman's, and which are imposed on the good lady as the productions of the fine talents of their children. The lamp of reason is almost quenched in the feeble sensorium of this aged lady, and this is the period which I fear will cause her to

commit, what in her vigorous age she would have shuddered at."

Edward sighed, the whole company responded this speech of the feeling heart, and Mr. S. continued.—"It is this period, which grows dimmer and dimmer with every revolving sun, that I dread will prove the destruction of your interests, if the dark work be not accomplished already. It is a misfortune the laws of any country permit acts to stand valid, especially those that defraud the rightful heir of his just inheritance, after the meridian of life is past, when the clouds of age obscure the judgment, and decay causes a second childhood. It is known to all the country, the young Lord Littleworth takes upon him, at the castle, the same consequence as if he were already master of the property; and his cousins, who have interested views in his succession to the estates, are now constant residents there, occupying the house, and keeping off all intruders."

Edward's usage at the castle flashed upon his memory, and he pensively ex-

claimed, "My hopes are indeed desponding, nor have I a friendly shelter to fly to!" Juliet looked like a violet in the dew sparkling with tears, which the sun beam of joy drank up as her father insisted upon Edward making use of his house as his own, until he could properly arrange his future prospects.

Mrs. Somerville joined in the entreaty, when Edward gratefully replied, he would accept their hospitable offer, provided they would permit him to pay a certain sum for his board. "Mr. Wortley, we will talk of that when you have experienced our usage."

Mr. S. then walked out, and ordered Mr. W.'s horse from the inn; for one who properly is a friend, as the old adage says, "thinks on your dog as well as yourself."

The good Mrs. Somerville was quite happy with the arrangement her husband had made; she had received benefits from Edward's mother, and rejoiced to have it in her power to serve her son.

Juliet's countenance sparkled like the flower which the morning sun lifteth from the dewy earth.

Mr. S. had now returned, and informed Edward his horse, if he wished to take a ride, was in his stable, where it should be properly taken care of. This further mark of benevolence in Mr. S. increased the warmth of his affection for his new friends, and in their presence, he scarcely mourned the disappointment of his late splendid hopes.

Mr. and Mrs. Somerville were resolved never more to touch upon the subject of Castle Vineyard, and Juliet resolved, with a vestal's purity, to administer all in her power towards the comfort of her accomplished guest. Edward and Mr. Somerville rode over the farm. Mr. S. explained, in a very intelligent manner, to his enquiring friend the various processes of husbandry, and the nature of soils, a branch of science noble in itself, and the most useful to man, though deemed too vulgar to be introduced into a college course of studies. The pure air,

enhaled by these daily rides, the conversation of the amiable pair, the pure and holy love of Juliet, which the fond maid mistook for sisterly affection soon restored to the late unhappy Edward his wonted serenity, sadness forsook his cheek, and the rose of health again bloomed there in all its lustre, and if a painful recollection would sometimes spring upon his mind, as busy memory presented her distant retrospect, it would prove but as a passing cloud, driven by the breeze that obscures but a moment the bright lustre of the heavens.

CHAPTER VII.

Edward had resided twenty-four days in this terrestrial paradise, adoring and being adored by the amiable Juliet, which each cherished under the vain delusion of social tenderness, caressed with a son's affection by the worthy couple, and enjoying a dream of bliss which seemed too pure for earthly happiness. He was standing that morning in the court yard with Juliet by his side smiling upon him, with all the artlessness of innocence, when a servant in the livery of one of his relations, who had lived near the park of ——, came to the gate with a letter in his hand, and enquired for Mr. Wortley. Edward took the letter, and perceiving a black seal, opened it with great agitation. He found it was a letter from his cousin, which informed him of the death of his

father, and his own extreme illness, which he feared would be fatal, and as he had something of consequence to communicate to him, he urged him, if he valued his own interest, not to delay one minute his journey to see him, saying, he had sent his chariot expressly for the purpose.

There is a something that forewarns man of his impending danger, whatever invisible cause it is produced by; and Edward shook with apprehension, though he was resolved to obey, as he thought, the dying man's request. Juliet perceived the agitation of her beloved Edward, and the rose forsook her cheek. He desired the servant to be ready, and he, in a few minutes, would join him at the inn; and rushed into the house, followed by Juliet. He gave the letter to Mr. Somerville, who perused it with feeling; he explained things to Mrs. Somerville and the trembling Juliet; snatched a kiss from her pale lips, shook Mr. and Mrs. S. by the hand, and rushed out of the house, followed by his worthy friend, who was de-

termined to see him set off. The officious servant had prepared every thing; the postillion and coachman were mounted; the footman had opened the chariot door. He shook hands with Mr. Somerville, and the carriage drove off like lightning.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Somerville, petrified with the sudden change of things, sat vexed and silent, and did not perceive, till her husband's return from the inn, the situation of her daughter, who had fainted on her chair. She ran to her Juliet and folded her in her arms. Mr. Somerville hurried out for a bason of water, and by bathing her temples with the cold fluid, restored the the dear girl to her senses: the screams of Mrs. Somerville had brought her servant maids into the room, and Juliet, refreshed by her tears, felt better, when her parents tenderly enquired of her what had occasioned her illness; she answered, though her blush denied it, that she had been surprised by a sudden fainting fit, but that now she was quite well. Her mother requested her to go and repose herself awhile on the bed, and leading her up

stairs, after she had lain down, rejoined her husband, pondering on the sudden indisposition of her daughter. Mr. Somerville eagerly enquired if Juliet was better? he was answered in the affirmative, and that she was endeavouring to compose herself to sleep. "Wife," says the tender Mr. S., "what do you suppose is the matter with our daughter?" His *cara sposa* after some hesitation replied, she thought it was love. "Love!" briskly exclaimed Mr. S.; "with whom, my dear?"—"With the good Mr. Wortley," answered she. "In love with a young gentleman of Mr. Wortley's family; it cannot be."—"Indeed, my dear Mr. S., I think she is; and that this accomplished youth equally loves her."—"Romantic wife!" answered he, rather pettishly, "it cannot be. Mr. Wortley's connections and prospects in life are so superior to our daughter's, it is unjust to expect it; and it must not be. Our wish for his marriage with Juliet is an injustice."—"But," rejoined the anxious wife, "Mr. Wortley's disposition is so excel-

lent, and so disinterested, if he have conceived a passion for Juliet, he will never abandon her for interest, and if you, John Somerville, ever loved me, Mr. Wortley loves Juliet."—"It is imagination in some heat," retorted Mr. S.; "nor if he were so weak as to solicit my consent to such an unequal union, I would not grant it. The unequal match would occasion a much longer pain in Juliet's conscious breast, than the struggle she must undergo to conquer her present feelings."

At this moment some persons intruded themselves into the parlour on parish business, and the conversation dropped.

CHAPTER IX.

The chariot and four which drove Edward from his friendly asylum, had reached the half way house to his cousins, which now was not more than eighteen miles distant. Edward deeply thought on his father, and mourned his death with pious sorrow, nor had Juliet once intruded upon his thought till the carriage stopped to change horses; she transiently then passed over his memory like a meteor in the midnight sky; it refreshed his weary spirits, and again, as the chariot set off, he was absorbed in his former melancholy. He was going to visit a relative in the agonies of death, who formerly had been his father's bitterest enemy, but he was charitable, and he dropped a tear to human frailty. It was growing towards evening, and the carriage moved slower, the sky

was suddenly obscured, the lightning cleft its dark bosom, the thunder rolled awfully, and the rain fell in torrents; his soul thrilled with horror. He was striving to call the image of the youthful, the innocent Juliet, to his memory, for her smile had always proved a balm to his woes, when suddenly the horses stopped, and several men in masks, habited like sailors, rudely burst open the door of the chariot, and dragging Edward forcibly out, bound and gagged him, and forced him by his arms and legs to a boat, as he thought by its motion, for his eyes were bandaged; and after some hours rowing, took him to a ship which was lying off the channel, as if purposely waiting for him. He was taken into the cabin, and whilst the vessel was preparing to sail, remained by himself in the state he had been brought on board, and maddening with the agonies of despair, convinced that he had been kidnapped. After he had lain there, as he supposed, two hours, he heard steps descending the cabin stairs, and a voice exclaiming like thunder, d—n your e—s

have you unpinioned that lubber? In a few minutes he was unbound, and he perceived a tremendous gigantic looking figure with as fierce and terrific a countenance as nature ever formed, sitting in his great coat upon one of the lockers in the cabin. Edward, with an agitated but dignified air, beseeched him to inform him, by whose authority he had been brought on board, and who caused him to be detained there.

The captain surlily bid him hold his jaw, for he would know time enough when he got to the West Indies. Edward perceived his situation, he was in the power of wretches, had been sacrificed by monsters, and looking up to heaven, he mentally breathed a prayer in silençe against the violence offered him, to that Almighty Power who is never addressed in vain.

The captain bawled to the steward to make him a glass of grog, and to give another tō the fresh-water sailor, as he called Edward, which he indignantly refused; "then bring it me, Joe," roared the captain, saying, "he would be d—d but the

lubber would sing for it before he steered through the Bay of Biscay."

The wind freshened, and the captain went upon deck to order some sail to be taken in. The steward remained below; Edward examined his countenance, and thought he perceived under the masks of slavery which oppression had imprinted, the lines of humanity, and he asked him where he was to sleep, "In the birth behind you:" in a low fearful tone he replies, "where am I to have my food?" —"In the cabin with the captain and mate, Sir," said the young man. He asked him if he knew why he was brought on board: "the sailors say because you were so wild; you would stay out at night, break lamps, and run your uncle in debt; and that he was obliged to send you to the West Indies to tame you."—"But Lord! Sir," says the steward, looking pale, "don't tell the captain, or he'll kill me."—"What is the name of the ship?" asked Edward.— "The Tartar Letter of Marque."— "What is the captain's name?"—"Cap-

tain O'Calligan."—"And who are the owners?"—"Messrs. X. and Q."

This latter communication convinced him that his pretended sick cousin had kidnapped him, because his father being dead, he was now sole heir of Castle Vineyard. He cursed riches as the root of all evil; reflected upon the conduct it was best to adopt, which, prudence whispered, was to impose on the captain a seeming acquiescence, and thus to gain his confidence. A bright beam of hope flashed upon his mind, that he should escape, and he retired to his birth to endeavour to compose himself.

After he had lain there an hour, he was called by the steward to go and sup with the captain; he instantly obeyed. He assumed a cheerfulness at table that pleased him; and ate his supper, and drank his grog when bidden, in apparent good spirits; and the gruff son of Neptune, who under his roughness seemed to have some feeling, declared, as he forced Edward to drink another glass, that they should be good friends; and desired him, if he

wanted any thing, to make the lubberly steward get it. As he was going upon deck, for it blew quite a storm, he bid him not be frightened, for his ship was as fine and tight a sailor as ever splashed the salt water.

Edward pulled off his shoes, and went into his birth for the night. There, relieved from observation, he was affected at the recollection of the happiness he had lately enjoyed; and when he compared it with his present helpless situation, and reflected on the cruelty of his relations, the tears started to his eyes, and he had no other hope but in the divine interposition of Providence.

The violence of the storm increased, and the imprecations of the officers, the shivering of the sails, the dashing of the waves, and the hoarse bawl for the dead lights, caused terrifying impressions on Edward; he was under the necessity of desiring the steward to close nearly the slide of his birth, to prevent his falling out.

As immediate and imminent danger drives away the recollection of one more

remote, so his present terror dissipated the sorrows of his heart; and, unacquainted as he was with sea affairs, he fancied the ship was going down at every lurch, and would often fearfully enquire of the steward if she were sinking. He prayed fervently to his Heavenly Father; and, in the sanctuary of his pious thoughts, the saint-like figure of Juliet would force itself, and join his sincere devotion.

The captain came again into the cabin, and, with a dreadful oath, commanded the steward to make him a strong glass of grog, which, after he had drank, he ran again upon deck.

The steward muttered, when he was gone, that he was afraid all was not right. This expression, spoken in a weak, trembling voice, redoubled Edward's fears, and he ejaculated, "Shall I, O God! be buried in the waves of the ocean, and no more behold my Juliet and her tender friends?" The cruelty of those who had trepanned him, rushed again upon his memory, and he added, clasping his hands in agony, "O, Lord! shall the wicked

always triumph?" The weather began to moderate, and the wind changed more favourable; it was the mate's watch; and the captain, after drowning his fears in a bumper of brandy, retired to his state room; and Edward, oppressed with fatigue, in the midst of the tempestuous waters, fell fast asleep. The genius who watched over his destiny, kindly to soothe his troubled spirits, brought, by the fairy wand of Morpheus, the vision of the beauteous Juliet, and the happy scenes of Box Farm; and, during the long night, he indulged in a bliss of which the tyrant cannot rob his fettered slave; nor did he wake till the steward called him to his breakfast.

The morning appeared tolerably fine, though the lurking clouds still looked threatening the horizon, and the captain declared they should have another gale. He asked Edward if he had not been frightened? he answered he had. "Aye," adds the rude tar, with another oath, "had you been upon deck, you would have seen what a sailor's life, in stormy weather, is;

no sleep, day nor night; always in wet clothes; and sometimes blown overboard. I thought I should have lost three of my best seamen from the fore-yard last night; the sea broke in so upon the ship, and lurched her so devilishly, I thought she never would have righted. It is a good thing to have a snug birth at such times."

For two more days the weather was tolerably mild. Edward walked upon deck, and he saw several men of war, to leeward, dismasted: he was astonished at their size, and did not know what vessels they were, till the captain informed him they were the English squadron, cruising off the coasts of France and Spain.

The suavity of Edward carefully concealed his feelings; his disposition won the heart of the boisterous son of the ocean, and he considered his relations had been prejudiced against him, for he had been sent on board under the name of Rogers, the nephew of a merchant of ——, who had caused to be reported to him, that he was a wild extravagant youth, whose

habits, if he remained in England, would ruin him.

About six o'clock that evening, a hurricane of wind blew from N. N. west, that the captain, who began now to be alarmed, said, "he had never experienced, since he had been at sea; the waves rose mountains high, and a heavy sea knocked in her weather quarter boards, and washed two of the boats overboard, so that only two small boats remained to take off a crew of thirty-six men from the wreck, if she sunk. Edward, though trembling, knew not the extent of his danger, but the crew were pale with horror and dismay; and, to add to their distress, the ship sprung a leak, and had already four feet of water in her hold, which increased every minute when they ceased pumping.

The captain had the helm lashed, her top sail yards and top masts hauled down, and almost resigned himself as lost, letting the ship drive before the gale where she pleased; he scarcely knew where he was, as he had not taken

an observation for three days; providentially the gale abated, and the wind changed to the west; the captain had the fore sail unclewed, and made for the shore, where he hoped to make a harbour, as his crew were exhausted, and expiring with fatigue: and, by the four o'clock watch, P. M. saw the rock of Lisbon, and a pilot boat making towards them. Before they had got clear over the bar, they had six feet of water in the hold, and in all probability had they remained at sea another twenty-four hours, the ship had gone down. Never were people more happy than when they came to a safe anchorage. The captain told Edward he might go on shore, if he pleased, and look about him, as the ship must be unloaded and repaired, before they could proceed on their voyage, which would be full three weeks. Edward went to his trunk (which his enemies had filled with a good stock of linen and clothes), and took out a large bundle of shirts, trowsers, and neckcloths, and

putting it under his arm, for freedom again flushed upon his mind, went out of the ship to one of the lodging houses on the quay, for which he had directions, where the captain said he would join him when the ship was unloaded; and never did a purer prayer breathe from human lips, than that the petitioning angels bore to the throne of mercy from Edward for his miraculous escape from slavery; for he was resolved to take a passage in an American vessel for the new world, if no ship sailed in a shorter time for any of the countries of Europe.

On examining his purse, he found he had fifty guineas of the money his father had remitted him; a painful recollection here rose upon his memory, and he dropt a filial tear upon the wound it had made in his heart. He retired early to rest, and rose with the sun the next morning, that he might enquire what vessels were ready to sail from the Tagus; he scarcely observed the magnificent buildings of the beautiful city, so much was he occupied

in promoting his emancipation, nor even had his hurried thoughts the leisure to think on his Juliet.

There were several British ships in the river, but none of them would be ready to sail before Captain O'Calligan would unload his ship, when to make his escape would be impossible.

After much enquiry, he met with an American captain, who informed him he should sail, if the wind continued in the east, on the morrow. Never did intelligence gladden more a heart. Edward enquired the terms of a cabin passage, he answered, "he would take twenty guineas," as he had a number of French cabin passengers on board, whose company, to Englishmen, was not very agreeable, and he had an English family in the steerage, which had sailed with him from Liverpool, and were going to settle at New York. Edward paid him the desired sum, took his receipt and address, when the captain desired him to come to his lodging precisely at twelve the next day, as he should then go on board, and

he might accompany him. Edward had only to furnish himself with a trunk and a few more articles, which he did that afternoon. His spirits were agitated with hopes and fears; during this interval, he wrote affectionate letters to Juliet and her father, stating all the circumstances of his conviction he should never succeed to the Castle Vineyard property, of his intention of speedily returning to England, and the fond tender of his heart, to the maid, he said, with whom he could only know happiness. He anticipated his appointment with the captain by an hour, and in two more was safe on board the ship —— in the river, with sails shivering in the breeze, eager to begin her voyage for her own coast.

CHAPTER X.

We have taken Edward to a place of safety, and now we will return to the heart-bleeding Juliet She was on her bed, weeping sadly over the absence of her lover, which she, as yet unacquainted with the passion of love, believed to be the pure sorrows of sisterly affection. An absent friend might occasion a sigh to break from the heart, or a tear to stray from its fountain, but the pain will subside with the tribute; but the absent lover causes the springs of the heart unceasingly to flow, until they are exhausted, when the feverish sigh, like the Harmattan of the desart, blanches the painted flower of the cheek, and despair sinks the faded lily to the ground. When her mother re-entered her daughter's apartment, in the most affectionate tone of maternal kindness, she asked her, "if she felt

better?" Juliet lifted up her languid head, and her swollen eyes betrayed the sorrows that had flown from them, but she answered, "she was better." Her mother pressed her cheek to her bosom, and intreated her to tell her the cause of her sudden illness. Juliet's temples beat violently, and she remained silent. Her mother repeated, "My dearest Juliet, if you can have pity for a mother's feelings, do inform her of your secret grief." She languishingly looked up, and blushed. "Juliet, you are in love with Mr. Wortley; I know it; and do not hide it from your mother." The witnesses of the heart flowed down her pallid cheeks, and confirmed the suspicions of Mrs. Somerville. Juliet sobbed, and, in a trembling voice, said, "she only loved Mr. Wortley as a sister ought; virgin modesty spread her crimson veil o'er her pale features, and she sunk again upon her mother's breast.

The tear started in the mother's eye, and she pitied, sadly pitied the anguish of her daughter's feelings, and the incu-

rable wounds of her artless heart; and should Mr. Wortley not possess honourable motives, for she was convinced he loved Juliet, and bind up the wounds he had inflicted, she would fall a victim to her unconquerable passion.

She mentally thought it would be most prudent to reason with her on the improbability of her ever becoming the wife of Mr. Wortley, and to endeavour to persuade her to banish such a hopeless thought.

"Juliet," began the tender parent, "your love for Mr. Wortley is not a sister's; you think he will marry you." —"No, mother," says the trembling maid, sobbing like an infant, on her mother's breast: "I only love him as you do, for his virtues and amiable disposition; I am never happy when he is not with me; and I only wish he would live with me as a brother."—"Then it is his absence," said the sympathising mother, "that makes you unhappy?" — "It is, my dearest mother," kissing her tenderly. "When he returns, my heart will be as light as a

feather."—"But are not your father and mother with you, Juliet?" Juliet, ashamed of her weakness, sighed, "they are, my dear mother; and I will talk of Mr. Wortley no more; for I know it pains you." —"No, my child, it does not pain me; I only wish you not to pain yourself, and think no more of Mr. Wortley, lest he should never return."

A deadly paleness overspread Juliet's countenance at this unguarded expression of her mother; and Mrs. Somerville, by the tenderest embrace, endeavoured to palliate her impropriety. Juliet was again comforted, and she repeated to her mother her dream, how Mr. Wortley had returned, and had told her he would never go from Box Farm again. Poor love-sick damsel, she had forgotten she had promised not to repeat his name again; and the mother, with feelings of the utmost compassion, left her daughter in a composed state, and rejoined her husband in the oak parlour, where she faithfully recited the dialogue that had passed with Juliet.

The feeling parents were both afflicted with grief, but they exchanged no sentiments of their own, though each had formed a resolution to let things take their proper course. Juliet was their only happiness on earth, and they were determined not to injure that blessing with frowns and reproofs, and of Mr. Wortley's purity they cherished not a doubt.

CHAPTER XI.

The American ship had safely passed the bar, and in gallant trim, under a leading wind, stood for the ocean. Edward now considered himself free; he viewed the blue universe of waters with wonder; and without regret beheld the Lusitanian shore disappearing from his sight.

As he was a perfect master of the French language, he entered into a lively conversation with the passengers, who lately escaped from France, to avoid the conscription, were joyfully seeking an asylum in the western hemisphere. They informed him they had forsaken independence in their own country, to seek it in a new world. Upon Edward's expressing his commiseration at their misfortunes, one of them, shrugging up his shoulders, laconically remarked, "*La fortune de*

guerre, les François ne regardent jamais la passeé."

The weather was serene and mild, a cloud concealed the setting sun; but the star of evening gilded with its rays the western skies: as the night approached, Luna rose, in silver splendor, from the waves; and the stars of the first magnitude already studded the sapphire firmament.

Edward, as he surveyed the scene, recalled to mind this beautiful ode of Horace:—

> "Nox erat, et cœlo Luna fulgebat sereno
> Inter minora sidera."

The prospect of the stars excited pious emotions in the breast of Edward; and he eyed, with rekindled rapture, the Ursa Major, whose silver wheels seemed to roll upon the flood, which concealed the yellow Arcturus, which, with his Juliet, he used to watch from the parlour window of Box Farm, shedding their peaceful lustre over that hospitable roof. A thou-

sand tender thoughts rushed upon his breast, and he breathed a sigh to the silent heavens, that the God of Nature would watch over his safety, and again restore to him the treasures he had lost.

One of the young French passengers had studied under Lalande, and was an excellent astronomer; and as the ship glided softly through the brine, he and Edward traced all the visible constellations, which were more numerous than in the high latitudes of Britain; the sky also appeared more lofty, and the rays of the stars brighter; the consequence of the purity and dryness of the atmosphere. His scientic companion, from the *toujours gaie nátion*, pointed out to him a singular phenomenon, which, he said, always happened when the wind blew from the east; it was the appearance of the spray on the sides of the vessel, as she cut the waves, which seemed to roll like clusters of diamonds. Edward supposed electricity must occasion it. The Frenchman agreed it must be from that property, or the dryness of the air, which

refracted the light in an unusual way, upon the agitated waters.

The rising and setting of those two sublimest objects of the heavens, the sun and the moon, excited in Edward a holy admiration. The sun sinks, like a globe of gold, into the bosom of the ocean, and the moon like a ball of purest silver. When they are rising, and only one half of their sphere is visible, the appearance is extremely beautiful. Nothing proves stronger the rotundity of the world, than the setting of these luminaries. When the sun has totally disappeared from the deck of the vessel, by ascending the mast, you again behold him in perfect shape. The air of the sea is much purer than that of the land, and when the heavens are unclouded, the transit of a star over the moon affords a pleasing scene.

Edward, in the agreeable company of the captain, who appeared a very worthy man, and his valuable companions, under his present circumstances, was resigned and comfortable. In two days sail more, the waters appeared clearer, and their co-

lour deeper, which Edward supposed was caused by their increased depth. The blue dolphin, and the boneta pursuing the flying fish, glided about the vessel. The appearance of the dolphin, in the briny liquid, when the sun shines, which gives a brightness to the wave, is exceedingly beautiful, and so different to the fish of the northern climates, that they seem divinities in the water; and perhaps supplied the ancients with their mythological fables of sea nymphs.

Edward, who had a hook over the taffarel rail, caught a dolphin; and the various colors it assumed in dying were astonishing. Some flying fish dropped also on board, (for those animals, when their fins become dry, being unable to suspend them, instantly fall). Edward, on examining their extreme long fore pair of fins, which serve for wings, reflected on the infinite powers of the Creator, in all his plastic shapes, and the almost invisible link that connects all the living tribes, and even the vegetable kingdom. The flying fish is the connecting bond with the

bird; the bat between the inhabitant of air and the land animal; and the seal, or the beaver, links the tribes of the flood with the mute tenants of the forest. In the polypus, and several sensitive plants of the woods, is found that insensible tie between the breathing and motionless kingdoms.

Edward had been surprised with many beautiful sights at sea; but that morning he was to witness the most interesting scene on the ocean.

Whilst the passengers were eating their breakfasts in the cabin, they heard one of the sailors cry "holloa!" from the mast-head, "a fleet is a-head." They all forsook the table, and were on deck in a minute; the captain taking with him his speaking trumpet and telescope. After he had looked some time through the glass he presented it to Edward, saying, he believed it was the homeward bound English West Indian fleet, with a convoy of a ship of the line, and a couple of frigates.

The ships made a beautiful appearance on their several tacks; as the wind was

contrary to them, but the weather being fine and clear, it was more than two hours before they could distinguish them plainly with the naked eye, as the ship did not go more than three knots an hour; and the captain observed, if the wind did not freshen, it would be full an hour and a half before they should come up with the headmost vessel, which had the look of a light letter of marque.

The Frenchmen were quite impatient that the wind did not freshen, and loaded the poor god of the air with their imprecations. Edward was satisfied in viewing the various manœuvres of the fleet to avoid running foul of one another.

Whether Æolus, the fabled god of the winds, or Old Neptune wished to get rid of his burthen, the breeze shifted two points more favourable for the ships, and in half an hour the privateer was within hale.

The first salutation from her was, "Hoa! hoa!" which was answered with the same sounds. The next question through the shaft of sound was, "Where

do you come from ?" answer, " from Lisbon."—Question, the same, " Where do you come from ?"—" Jamaica."—" Where are you bound to ?" answer, " London."—" When did you sail ?"—" What is your longitude ?" and a few other compliments conclude the watery salutation.

The admiral's pinnace came on board with his compliments, if they had any newspapers or vegetables to spare.

The crew were treated very handsomely by the captain with wine and porter ; and a basket of vegetables and some Lisbon papers sent to the admiral.

The breeze freshened up towards evening, and by sun set they had hulled the fleet down. The flocks of peterels which now followed the wake of the vessel to pick up the crumbs which the cook had thrown overboard, excited wonder in Edward, as he contemplated the little winged travellers of the boisterous element.

This little bird, much less than the martin, with sooty feathers tinged with some white and red, is called by the sai-

lors, Mother Carey's chicken, which they suppose never goes to land, but hatches its eggs under its wing.

With such fables as these, men amuse themselves when they will not investigate the natural history of an animal. The economy of nature is perfect, notwithstanding accidents produce irregularities; but a lusus now and then does not bespeak her deficiency in wisdom.

These feathered circumnavigators doubtlessly are acquainted with rocks and desart islands, which the enterprising genius of a Cook, or a Bouganville never explored; and there, unmolested by men, they celebrate their nuptials, incubate their young, and instruct them in the perilous voyage of the ocean.

The Portuguese men of war, as nautical men call them, a species resembling the water animated fungi, which, in contemplating them on the buoyant wave, afforded much pleasure to Edward.

In natural history, this sea insect is termed the nautilus; and by the poet,

Grainger, author of Junio and Theana, is, in the following language, beautifully described :—

"The little nautilus, in purple pride,
Expands his sails, and dances o'er the waves."

It is said, the idea of ship building originated to the ancients from a view of this insect, which, when on the surface of the waters, resembles a little sloop.

One of the sailors, by the captain's desire, caught one of them in the bucket, which, on examination through the young philosopher's microscope, appeared of a very curious organization ; and, indeed, the whole entomological tribe, viewed through this instrument, afford treasures of wonder, if lofty man would condescend to examine nature's kingdom,—that is too minute for his superficial eye.

Edward was going to handle the insect, when the captain persuaded him to desist, as the animal was poisonous, and would sting him: he added, if the least part touched the skin, it would cause a blistering pain.

The little wonder was therefore sent again into the ocean to continue his voyage.

A new admiration was now excited by the appearance of a numerous shoal of spermaceti whales, whose dorsal fins appeared above the waves as they glided through the ocean. The sea was tinged of a blood color, and covered with pieces of squid, resembling the lungs of an animal, which they tear from the bottom of the sea, and feed upon.

A New England man, one of the sailors, said, if a Yankee whaler should come across them, they would make a fine prize.

The passengers counted above a hundred of these enormous creatures: they are very savage when wounded, and more difficult to kill, the captain remarked, than the Greenland whale.

But amidst all these successive scenes of novel wonder, Edward would devote a pensive hour to his Juliet, when he would sit by himself at the stern of the vessel, and sighing deeply, bid the balmy messenger from his heart fly over the blue waters and assure his Juliet of his safety.

His breast now sorely felt that it was love it cherished: that its bright flame cheered him through all his perils, healed the bruises of his disappointment, and, through hope's bright vista, showed him the bowers of happiness, and his Juliet. His vesper prayer always pronounced the tender sound; and her welfare and that of her parents entered into his mornings' thanksgivings.

Edward was walking to and fro in one of these pensive moods, from the stern to the bow of the ship, when he perceived, for the first time, the family in the steerage; they appeared distressed and sickly, and Edward, with the utmost urbanity (for a line of contempt, drawn by unnatural custom, always forms an insurmountable unsocial barrier between the cabin and the steerage passengers, though both portions of humanity are travelling the perilous ocean, and are uncertain whether they shall arrive at their port in safety,) accosted the surprised and bashful people.

He asked them how they felt themselves. "Very sick indeed, Sir," replied

the mother of the six children, who stood round her.

The father said they had never been at sea before they left Liverpool, and had not provided proper necessaries; though he had expended a large sum in salt provisions, which the children could not touch, and he believed he should lose some of them on the passage.

There is something so bewitching in real goodness, it intuitively excites confidence; they related to Edward, as to an old friend, their views and their wants. The father said he had been a cabinet maker in Liverpool, but the failures occasioned by the war, had ruined his business. He had a little left, and he could not see his children starve, and like many others, had embarked to find a refuge in the new world. But, ignorant of the wants of a voyage, he had bought what could not be made use of, and had not bought what he now found necessary; which was rice, flour, oatmeal, vegetables, and medicine, for his family were all sick for want of them.

Edward said he would see them again

in a few minutes; and went into the cabin, where he informed the captain what he had heard from the steerage family.

"Mr. Wortley," answered the captain very humanely, "I am happy you have acquainted me with their situation; you would be astonished, my friend," cries the captain, "at the scenes of distress I have witnessed on board ships, occasioned by the ignorance of families who take their passage, and provide nothing proper for it; they furnish themselves with an abundance of salt provisions and hard biscuit, thinking them to be like their bread and meat at home; and, unable to eat of them, especially the hard beef. Many would perish but for the humanity of some on board. Had the family in the steerage expended half their provision money in the purchase of meal and vegetables, they would have been healthy all the voyage: but be assured, my dear Sir, every necessary they want shall be supplied to them," which Edward experienced, for in a few days the children and the parents appeared cheerful and healthy upon the deck.

In two days more the sea-gulls came in flocks round the vessel, and great quantities of gulf-weed floated on the waters, which convinced the captain he was to the northward of the Azores.

The Frenchmen, with their characteristical expressions of pleasure, jumped for joy. Edward was pleased, but he had rather the ship had been to the southward, and her eager beak buffeting the billows towards his own shores.

A large ship, which the captain discovered through his glass to be a frigate, was coming down fast upon them under a press of canvas; the captain said his ship had a good pair of heels, and he was determined to run from her, uncertain whether it might not be a Frenchman. Every stitch of canvas was set, but still she gained upon them, for she had a better breeze; she was near enough for her shot to reach them, and kept firing her bow chacers: one ball fell close to her rudder, and another pierced the main sail; still the captain would not put his helm down. The fresh breeze had caught the fri-

gate's sail, and they soon got out of the reach of the shot; and, by sun set, she was out of sight.

About eleven o'clock A. M. the next day, the mate being upon the bowsprit, endeavouring to harpoon a porpoise, said to the passengers who were watching him, he observed a very singular appearance upon the sea on the larboard bow; he said it looked like a snow ball.

The captain, who was coming aft, and heard what he said, run up the rigging of the fore-mast, and observing it steadily, said, "it certainly must be an ice island," and bid them keep a good look out: as they approached nearer, it rose gradually above the waves; and by two o'clock, when they were within a league of it, it appeared to be thirty yards high, and above two hundred in length.

The captain said it was one of those vast bodies of ice which annually float in the spring of the year out of Baffin's Bay, to the great danger of navigators; he said, to gratify his passengers, he would approach it as near as prudence would allow

him, and when they had got within a mile of it, the fabled diamond castles of the fairy tales were mean in comparison of its resplendent beauty. The sun shone with cloudless lustre on its numerous spires, which reflected like prisms, all the colours of light; some towers appeared composed of emeralds, others of ruby, hyacinth, and amber tinges; a thousand chrystal rills, sparkling in the sun beams, flowed from its lofty summits, and its massive base, next the ship, seemed one vast diamond rock. The numerous birds flying over it, and the whale rolling its vast body round its sides, increased the interest of the scene, and all on board declared it was the sublimest object they had ever beheld. The air was uncommonly chilly, which the captain informed them was caused by its immense body of frozen matter; and he supposed only one third of it was visible above water. They lost sight of this magnificent fabric of snow about eight o'clock, and the weather becoming squally, the captain supposed the next evening, or the following morning,

they should strike soundings on the grand bank of Newfoundland.

The gulls were seen the following morning in great numbers, and the sea was in a foam with the shoals of grampuses and porpoises, the sky was very hazy, and the air extremely cold, though in August, and the rock-weed floated by in large masses, the certain signs of approach to the great bank; and, as the captain had predicted, they struck soundings by four o'clock, in forty-five fathoms of water.

The good-natured captain asked the passengers, if they should like an hour's sport at fishing, no dissenting voice being uttered, the fishing tackle was soon brought upon deck, the sails taken down, and the helm lashed. A fowl was killed to bait the hooks, and Edward, who had the first line given him, in three minutes hauled up a noble cod fish. The ship soon resembled a slaughter-house from the blood of the numerous captives; flocks of gulls, and other aquatic birds, hovered and floated round the vessel to seize the

offal thrown overboard; and numbers of the blue shark attended the fishermen, and, as soon as the codfish were near the surface of the water, these voracious creatures would absolutely bite large pieces out of their writhing sides.

The young French astronomer who fished next to Edward, hauled to the top of the water an enormous hallibut, it came so peaceably to the surface, as if it had been a fish of only a pound weight; one of the seamen, who had been accustomed to whaling, struck a harpoon into it, and by the aid of tackle drew it on board, the officers of the ship declared it would exceed, if it were weighed, five hundred pounds; when opened it had a cod-fish perfectly sound in its belly, whose weight seemed about thirty pounds.

These fish are fatal enemies to the cods, which endeavour to escape from the places they approach. Never were Io pæans more exultingly shouted over the greatest victory, than those of the merry Frenchmen over the poor captive; it produced a

most grotesque scene of merriment, which, with the fun of the sailors, at the Gallic grimaces, the eager curiosity of some to view the gigantic animal, the increased number of fish taken, and the general activity, formed a *tout ensemble* of mirth, superior to any of the pieces ever exhibited at the hobgoblin theatres of Sadler's Wells or Astley's.

Several hallibuts of a smaller size were afterwards taken. Edward, with that pious gratitude that ever flows from the intelligent breast, admired the Almighty wisdom in creating a sand bank five hundred miles long, and from one to three hundred broad, in the midst of the immense wilderness of waves, to be a nursery for fish. Hundreds of vessels annually take millions from the waters, and yet their numbers are still innumerable.

The fecundity of the finny tribe is astonishing; but that of the cod fish would be incredible, if it had not been proved. This parent of millions produces at one spawning sixty hundred thousand living animals; which,

besides the food of man, forms the principal support of the voracious families of the ocean.

The captain ordered a large copper of chowder to be got ready for the mens' supper, which is fish boiled with potatoes and herbs; and some baked hallibut, with a brace of the finest cod fish, for the cabin and steerage passengers. A more humane man than the captain could not exist. His every action marked his benevolent attention to the accommodation and happiness of his passengers; he had formerly been an officer in the British navy, but had retired to America, at the conclusion of the war, to succeed to a property left him by a relation. Before the fall of night, one hundred and thirty-five fine fish had been taken, when the ship's sails were all set, and she proudly dashed over the green water (the appearance of the sea on soundings) apparently as proud as the sailors of her success. The smaller fishing banks extend quite to the American coast.

The epicures of fish, if they would eat

them in perfection, should sail to the banks of Newfoundland. The next day the captain treated his passengers with a bank dinner, a usual courtesy of the American masters. He ordered for the occasion one of his finest hogs, and three couple of fowls to be killed, so that his banquet included fish, flesh, and fowl, dainties sufficient for a lord mayor's feast. There is that invigorating principle in the sea air, that if you can find meat, you are sure of having an appetite, and never a heartier company sat down, than that which partook of this bank dinner. This mark of respect from the captain was as grateful to Edward as to his happy companions. The evening proved remarkably serene, and the sky crimsoned with the fantastic clouds of the setting day, had a most beautiful appearance. The captain welcomed his passengers with their first view of an American sky. They had only been twenty-two days in coming to the bank, and he flattered himself in eleven more they should be safe in the harbour of New York. The French gentlemen ex-

claiming *bon voyage*, capered on the deck all the sportive diagrams the sprightly Terpsichore ever invented, and Edward retired to the fore part of the vessel to thank, with purest heart, that invisible Providence which had conducted over so many thousand miles of the pathless waters, the ship in safety, and to crave His further assistance, till he had passed every danger; and when his thanksgiving had concluded, he thought on his Juliet; for she was the genius of the voyage, had appeared in the breeze, shone amid the stars, and attended every night at his pillow, to breathe comfort into his soul.

By ten o'clock the next morning they had passed the bank, and were in the purple water inside of the gulf stream. A current of water, that runs from the Bay of Mexico, with great force, parallel with the American coast, till it arrives at the south point of the great bank, when it strikes off for the Azores, or Western Islands, in the midst of the Atlantic, where its force is spent. They perceived

a number of large sharks prowling about the vessel; one of them kept under the stern, attended by a couple of pilot fish. A hook, baited with a piece of pork, attached to a chain, and fastened to the stern by a bow line, was put in the water; in a few minutes the animal had taken the bait, and was plunging in the waves. After much difficulty, this tremendous creature was hauled on board; it measured fourteen feet in length, and its weight was supposed to be twelve or thirteen hundred pounds; by its various rows of teeth the captain supposed it was several years old. He further remarked, that though this animal appeared so sluggish in the waters, its velocity was incredible. He narrated an anecdote respecting this fish, of which he was an eye witness.

An American Guineaman, who traded to Africa, lost, by a fever, its boatswain on the coast, whose body was committed to the waves, sewed up in tarred hammock. The ship sailed the same day for New York, where she arrived, after a seventeen

days passage; and in the harbour an enormous shark, measuring thirty-three feet, was killed, in which was found the body of the ill-fated sailor, whose remains were immediately buried in christian ground.

What are the powers of vain man, compared to those of this animal, who had travelled an expanse of ocean of five thousand miles in so short a period!

Edward put some questions to the captain respecting the pilot fish, who answered, "that the general belief of seamen was, these fish attended the shark, like the jackall the lion, to provide or hunt out its prey; but of this he was doubtful: they certainly always accompanied this fish, and smelled to its food; but whether from self-interest or friendship, perhaps it would never be explained.

The number of coasters they daily saw, convinced them of their near approach to the shores of the New World. They were hailed by the Leander, a British fifty gun ship, whose beautiful manœuvres

in the light breeze, under a cloud of canvas, produced a very fine nautical prospect.

In three days more of easy sail, and about twelve o'clock at night, the light-house of Sandy Hook was discovered; at the pleasing intelligence, the passengers all ran upon deck *in cuerpo*, and the transports of those of the gay nation were indescribable; they jumped, they sung, they shook hands with the captain, and chattered so loud, that not another sound could be heard in the ship; the captain rejoiced when they returned again to the cabin.

Edward, who was dressed, remained upon deck, his bosom throbbing with tumultuous thoughts; he had passed in safety the great Atlantic Ocean, and should behold, in a few hours, the shores of a New World. He contemplated, with pious and inexpressible wonder, the starry vault, that region of flaming suns, and firmament of worlds, whose harmonious spheres, in their journeys through the universe, poured songs of everlasting gladness to

the great I AM! the eternal JEHOVAH! and, in the fervour of his heart, with the holy psalmist, he exclaimed, "Lord! what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the Son of Man, that thou regardest him?" His emotions, as the dawn broke, at beholding the pine-crowned heights of Neversink, and the low shores of the Jerseys and Long Island, scarcely visible through the blue mist, were such as his bosom had never before experienced; and as the sun rose from the ocean, and drank up the vapours of the night, the scene became enchanting. The green fields, and the dwellings of men, were plainly discovered; and people were seen walking on the sandy strand.

Edward, eager to participate his transports, called up his sluggish companions; and when he returned upon deck, the little pilot boat, which he had not before observed, was close along side the vessel. His salutations to the captain, as "welcome home;" and the answer, "What news," had a pleasing effect upon Edward,

which was increased when he heard him say, there was no necessity of throwing the anchor overboard; as, if the wind continued, they should reach the city by twelve o'clock. The joy of the Frenchmen had no bounds; and the family in the steerage were equally rejoiced.

The approach from sea to New York, no earthly landscape can exceed; no shoals nor rocks interrupt the passage; the water gradually shoals from a distance of one hundred and eighty miles from the Atlantic, when a beautiful coast, interspersed with evergreen woods, farms, and villages, suddenly break upon the view; every mile from the light house in New York, a distance of thirty miles, which of itself is a grand object, enriches, with new charms of cultivation, the scenery.

Edward with rapture viewed, as they passed though the Narrows, the pretty villas and hamlets, embosomed in cypress and pine shades, on Staten and Long Islands; the shoals of fish floating round the vessel, and the clouds of light sloops and

boats; in a few minutes, the magnificent city, shining on the waters, seemed to welcome their approach; and in one hour more, they were safely anchored in the East River, to the general joy of all on board.

CHAPTER XII.

Juliet had languished like a floweret in the shade, since the departure of Edward; that glow, like Hebe's, which her unclouded youth had spread upon her eloquent countenance, had totally disappeared; and the worm of sorrow, that coiled itself in her damask cheek, had devoured the rose, and spoiled the lustre of the lily. Her face was pale as the mountain daisy, and young mirth had forsaken his sparkling throne, in her clouded eye. Edward had been absent a month, and no intelligence had been received from him; she thought he was cruel, and that he never loved her; then she would chide her thoughts, and fancy a thousand dangers of him. Her parents felt for, and pitied their only child, but knew not how to comfort her.

They were all seated round the breakfast table, but peace had flown from the oak parlour, when the landlord of the Crown brought in a couple of letters, with the Lisbon post-mark; the one was addressed to Juliet, the other to Mr. Somerville. What was their astonishment when they perused the sufferings of Edward, and the barbarity of his unnatural relations!

Mr. Somerville, as he presented his impatient wife the letter, ejaculated, clenching his fist, "Monsters of villany!" Juliet's tears spoke as forcibly her abhorrence of his persecutors, and pity for his sufferings; but a bright sunshine shot upon her agitated mind, and illumined her drooping countenance, when she reflected on Edward's declaration of eternal love, and his speedy return.

Mrs. Somerville, when she had read his escape from the dangers he had endured, prayed fervently for his safety, and the punishment of his enemies.

The parents were both pleased with, and assured of the sincerity of Edward;

and Mr. Somerville, convinced by the late usage of Edward's relations, that he would be defrauded of his inheritance, was determined to throw no more obstacles, but rather to encourage his daughter's passion for so worthy and excellent a young man.

Juliet, already like a patient recovered from a doubtful disease, and with a smile, the first that had gilded her pale countenance since the absence of her lover, eagerly enquired of her father, how far it was to New York. Mr. Somerville, happy in the apparent change in his daughter, with much tenderness replied, "he was not much acquainted with sea affairs, but the packet had brought letters from her uncle, who lived in Philadelphia, in twenty-eight days." The artless Juliet, supposing a voyage by sea was similar to a journey by land, innocently remarked, "that Mr. Wortley would be at Box Farm before hay-harvest was over." Mrs. Somerville supported her daughter's belief; but Mr. Somerville, overpowered by his feelings, said nothing, but

went out to take his usual ride over his farm.

Juliet that day could assist her mother in her household affairs; and never was Mrs. Somerville more happy, than in this sudden change of the beloved of her soul.

Hope, that sweet meteor on life's dark path, quivered round the footsteps of Juliet, and chased grief's dark shadows from her presence.

CHAPTER XIII.

The captain, when the ship was safely moored, and had looked up his papers to take to the Custom House, before he quitted the vessel, shook hands with Edward, (for he had formed a particular attachment to him), and asked whether he preferred going to a tavern, which, he remarked, was extravagant, and not comfortable, or to a private boarding-house, of which there were many respectable ones in the city. Edward thanked him for his politeness, and said he preferred the latter. "Then," added the captain, "my steward shall take your trunk; but first you must let the officer of Customs examine it; this mark of civility to strangers, we have borrowed from Britain;—then the steward shall show you to a very comfort-

able lodging in Pearl Street, kept by one of your countrywomen. I am now, Mr. Wortley, in a hurry, which will apologize for my abruptly leaving you; but," giving him a card, "here is my address, and I hope, whilst you stay in New York, you will frequently call on me." He then jumped on shore, and the steward having brought Edward's trunk on deck, he delivered the key to the officer, and desired him to open and search it: he opened it very modestly, and immediately shut it again, giving the key into Edward's hand.

Edward, who knew something of the extortion of these gentlemen of the old world, pulled out of his pocket half-a-guinea, and presented it to him. "Sir," said he, to the surprise of Edward, "you are a stranger to American habits; we are paid sufficiently by our Government; and should degrade ourselves by the acceptance of a bribe." Edward hoped he had not offended him, but, if he had, it was unintentionally; he then thanked him; and the steward taking up his trunk, he shook hands

with his jolly *compagnons de voyage*, and the family in the steerage, and following his guide, after a few minutes walk, arrived at the widow's—his new landlady.

CHAPTER XIV.

When Edward had rested himself a few minutes, the old lady called her black servant-man to take the gentleman's trunk up stairs, and to show him his bed-room. He accompanied the man, and found his accommodations very comfortable.

When he came down stairs, he was politely informed dinner would be upon the table in half an hour, and presented him with a glass of apple toddy, a beverage he never had before taken: it is composed of roasted apples put into some weak brandy, water, nutmeg, and sugar, which the Americans take as a sharpener to their appetites before dinnner.

After the time had elapsed, a very plentiful repast was served up; when twelve or thirteen persons, from different parts of the world, sat round the table to

enjoy it, the old lady presiding to carve. Edward perceived a number of dishes he had never seen in Europe, particularly of the vegetable kinds; such as roasted and boiled ears of Indian wheat, and quashes, a species of small pumpkin. The desert abounded in fruits of the melon, peach, and apple kinds, with some imported grapes from the Canary Islands. The common drink at table Edward perceived was spirits and water, and he ordered some for himself.

After dinner he took leave of his company, in order to perambulate the city; the buildings were mostly in the English style, of the best towns, and many of the streets magnificent, particularly Broadway, Greenwich, and the Bowry. The churches are very neat structures, but the town or court house, where the assembly and courts of law meet, is a beautiful fabric in the Grecian style, built of native marble, dug from the quarries on the Hudson River. There are many houses of very expensive structure in various parts of the city, nor is it disgraced, like the large

towns of Europe, with wretched clay-built tenements thatched with straw. The houses of the lowest rank of people are comfortable dwellings. The city is supposed to contain (but it is probable the population of the island is included) one hundred thousand souls. But though this city has many fine streets, it is very irregularly built, which originated in the stupidity of the first settlers, who were the Dutch and Swedes.

There is no city either of the old or new world better situated for commerce than New York; it stands on the south west corner of a little island, about three miles broad and eleven long, washed by the waters of the noble River Hudson, and an arm of the sea, formed by Long Island, and the coasts of Connecticut and York, which form its harbour, and bring to its magazines the produce of several states. The Haven never freezes so as to impede vessels going to sea in the severest season; for which reason, it is the station of the British packet. It affords the best market in America for fish, flesh, fowl,

fruits, and vegetables, supplied from the Jerseys, its own state, and Long Island, its inexhaustible storehouse and garden. The fortifications on the sea side are impregnable: it cannot be approached out of point blank cannon shot; and its numerous batteries would sink the largest navy; nature certainly intended it for the emporium and capital of the new western world. The walks on both shores of the island abound with the richest scenery; on the west, the main land of the Jerseys, and its own state; and on the east, the picturesque strand of Long Island, studded with beautiful villages.

Edward, whose funds were extremely limited, did not forget the principal object of his ramble, which was to enquire when any ships sailed for Britain, that he might secure a passage to England; as he passed the Tontine Coffee House, and made enquiries, he was informed all letter bags for Europe were kept there, and the master could give him every information when any ship sailed.

He was told three or four merchant

ships would sail for London and Liverpool in the course of a fortnight, but that the British packet was ready to sail, the captain of which was in the coffee room.

He entered it, and enquired of him the amount of a passage to Falmouth; the reply was forty guineas: this sum exceeded the contents of his purse, and without further conversation he departed, resolved to secure a passage in an American vessel to London, which was not so expensive, and saved him a distance of two hundred miles by land.

On his exit from the Tontine, he was amused by the various vendue masters, or, as they are named in Europe, auctioneers, selling British goods: this is the most profitable source of revenue both to the federal and state governments, raising a tax of from six to seven pounds per cent. on the sales. The amount of goods sold in this manner exceeds belief, and their cheapness is still a greater astonishment, being often twenty-five per cent. under the home prices.

After he had listened to these willings

of the hammer some time, he walked to the post-office, enquiring when the mail would be made up for England; the information of the post-master was, the letters would be sent on board in two hours, when the packet would immediately sail.

Edward went to the first tavern, and wrote a most affectionate letter to Juliet and her parents, intimating he should sail for England in the course of a fortnight, for several ships would then be ready; and after having safely deposited it in the hands of the post-master, returned to his lodgings.

He found the tea equipage ready, and was surprized to see the table spread with dishes of meat and fish, as if it had been a dinner.

Whilst they were taking their coffee, which is the favourite beverage of America, a gentleman of Philadelphia, who always boarded at the house when he came to New York, was announced; the old lady hostess went out to welcome him, and when they entered, chance presented him a seat next to Edward.

The conversation that ensued, convinced Mr. Melliflower, (the name of the gentleman) that Edward had but just arrived from England, and he enquired how things went on in the old country.

Edward replied trade was brisk, and the manufactories fully employed, though the people began to feel the heavy pressure of the war.

"Pray, Sir," continued Mr. Melliflower, "of what county are you a native? Though I think by your dialect you are a west countryman."

Edward informed him he came from the county of ——. "It is the same I was born in," adds Mr. Melliflower; and after a short pause, which spoke the tumult of thought, and uttering a sigh, asked him if he knew Mr. and Mrs. Somerville of Box Farm. The question startled Edward; it had brought Juliet and her parents to his throbbing mind; he with some pain suppressed the chrystal witness of his feelings, and uttered, with difficulty, they were the dearest friends he knew in England.

Mr. Melliflower grasped his hand with uncommon fervour; and said, "you see before you the only brother of Mrs. Somerville, who thinks himself the most fortunate of men in meeting with an acquaintance from the only persons that are related to me on earth; and my whole study shall be to prove to you my real friendship."

This interesting rencontre affected the whole company, nor did they intrude a single word to interrupt the harmony of their conversation. Mr. M. asked Edward, "what family his brother-in-law had? as, though he had written several letters to England, he had only received two answers; and these arrived more than five years since, which mentioned only the name of one child, a daughter, which was born just before he embarked for America." Edward, with a blush, not altogether misunderstood by Mr. Melliflower, replied, "that they had but one daughter, whose name was Juliet, and who was the image of beauty, and the model of every female virtue." On Ed-

ward acquainting him his name was Wortley, the old gentleman wished to know if he was the son of Mr. Wortley of Olive Hall. He assured him he was his only child. "Then," said Mr. M., "I owe you a double obligation; for my father rented an estate under your grandfather, and he was a noble landlord; and they were golden days at Olive Hall." The evening concluded in converse dear to both, and a participation of the purest happiness friends can feel.

CHAPTER XV.

In the morning, Mr. Melliflower invited Edward to accompany him in a ride in his one horse chaise, on Long Island; it was a most delightful day; and though September, much warmer than the hottest English summer days. They passed the east river in a steam boat, and put up their horse and chaise in the village of Brooklyn, opposite New York, that they might have more leisure to view the little villas on the shore, and the fortifications which the British threw up when they were masters of New York; nothing remained of them but ramparts of soil, which vegetation had clothed with her green vesture; and it was in this habitation, now only of the flocks and herds, the late abode of destruction, the amiable Edward narrated to his friend the events of his

life, his attachment to Juliet, and the cruelty of his relations, that had forced him to the New World, and his determination immediately to return. "Not in such a hurry," sobbed Mr. Melliflower, the tears coursing each other down his benevolent countenance. "I cannot spare you yet; something told me when I first saw you, that my heart would be benefited by your company. Never think of your villanous relatives; you have now found a friend, who will never forsake you." Edward took his hand, pressed it, but could utter nothing. And Mr. Melliflower, taking his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his face, saying, "Come, Mr. Wortley, friends should be more cheerful. We will return to the inn, and begin our ride. How can man complain, that the world is destitute of happiness; what bliss can equal that which generous friendship bestows?"

Edward already loved this worthy man with filial affection, and Mr. Melliflower felt a compound of the sweetest feelings which friendship and nature's tenderest

ties can bestow; he considered a worthy man as the noblest work of God, and the plan of his soul was to make Edward and Juliet the happiest of mortals.

Their excursion on that fertile island continually increased in interest; Edward was struck with the fantastic structures of its rural villas, and their ornamented pleasure grounds, the wooden fences, crops of Indian wheat, plantations of melons, cucumbers and quashes, and the numerous peach and apple orchards full of fruit. Edward wondered what they could do with such quantities of peaches? Mr. Melliflower said, "they distilled brandy from them, and fed their hogs with the windfall." The ride on Long Island, down the harbour, is one of the most picturesque any country can present. The number of pretty villages embosomed in evergreens, the view of the sea, and the several islands floating on its waters, the number of vessels in various directions, spreading their white canvass in the breeze, and the serenity of the sky, when the day

is fine, impress the traveller of the New World with the most exquisite sensations. The party, conceiving it to be dinner-time, put up their horse at an inn in one of the villages that stood close on the shore of the sea, and whilst the friends were in converse, the garrulous landlord, for the Americans are the greatest talkers in the world, was providing them an excellent dinner. It consisted of a fine roasted turkey and a large boiled rock fish, (a fish about the size of a salmon) but with dark stripes down its back, and the meat is white. A large water melon was served up with the desert. Edward had never eaten of this gigantic fruit, but on tasting it, approved of it. Mr. Melliflower observed, it was a very necessary cooling diet in that hot climate. When the cloth was removed, and they remained unmolested over their wine, Mr. Melliflower repeated all the questions he had before asked respecting the family at Box Farm; it was a theme he loved to dwell on, and Edward felt equal pleasure

in the renewal of the conversation. Mr. M. said, " he had made a handsome fortune in Pennsylvania, and when he could wind up his affairs, he should return, and close the evening of his days surrounded by the friends of his youth, and his best acquaintance," looking at Edward; "and," he continued, "never mind, Mr. Wortley, losing Castle Vineyard, nor ever cast a thought on the barbarity of your relations, we will all be happy in spite of them;" and pulling out his pocket book, drew from it two notes of the Bank of the United States' of five hundred dollars each, and prosenting them to Edward, jocosely cries, " Young man, if you intend being a friend of mine, you must except this trifle for pocket money." Edward hesitated, and blushed; he wished to say, no. Mr. M. perceived this struggle of modesty, and repeated, " you must not forfeit my good opinion by a refusal." Edward, overpowered by his feelings, accepted the present, and put it into his pocket; to relieve the embarrassment of the moment, Mr. M. rung the bell, and

ordered a fresh bottle of Madeira, which, after having taken a few glasses of, the reckoning was paid, and they returned towards the city, each feasting on the most delicious thoughts; Edward on the goodness of his benefactor, and Mr. Melliflower on the amiability of his young friend.

In turning a corner of the road, which opened to the sea, Mr. M. pointed out the British packet coming down the harbour under a press of sail, and the proud colors of St. George crimsoning the Atlantic tide.

A crowd of tender ideas rushed upon the mind of Edward; the gallant vessel bore a dispatch from him to his beloved Juliet, and the enchanter, imagination, already brought to his memory the most delightful scenes of future bliss.

Mr. M. was rather pained he had not sent a letter by the packet to his sister: he asked Edward if he had written to England; he replied he had. "I wish I had done the same," answered he, "but, as there are several ships almost ready to sail,

I will make reparation for my remissness, and send one to my sister and another to Juliet."

Edward, with a sigh, remarked he should like to depart in the same vessel. Mr. M. hoped he would spare him two months of his company in Philadelphia, and he would not detain him any longer.

Edward was vexed at his own impatience, as it had affected Mr. M., and he cheerfully replied, he would remain as long as he desired. Edward's atonement pleased Mr. M., and the most agreeable conversation continued till they reached the Ferry House at Brooklyn, where they alighted from their chaise, and passing the river, soon arrived at their lodgings, where some of the respectable merchants of the city were waiting on business for Mr. Melliflower.

Mr. M. apologised to Edward for leaving him; but said, affairs of urgency required his absence, hoping he should be able to join him again in a couple of hours.

Edward, after he had taken his tea, as it was a serene evening, took a solitary

walk up the north river, (as the Hudson is called) to digest his thoughts, now brightened with all the lustre of approaching happiness. The reader must know, Juliet and her good uncle were the companions of his ramble, and the star of evening, that shone on the Hudson waters, witnessed as pure vows to love and friendship as ever breathed from the fountain of the human heart.

CHAPTER XVI.

The twenty-eight days had expired, and no Edward had arrived at Box Farm, or any tidings had been received from him; the hay harvest was finished, and the sickle began to be put into the wheat. Juliet, though more tranquil in her mind and health, nourished by hope, had spread its roses over her cheek, still she was often sad and melancholy.

Mr. and Mrs. Somerville and their daughter were all three musing and silent in the oak parlour, when Dorchester, from the Crown, suddenly entering, put a letter into Juliet's hand, and shaking his fat sides, with his accustomed merriment, said, "he was sure there was good news in it."

She opened it with trembling hands, and having perused it, gave it to her father, and rather in a vexed tone, said, "how fortunate it was Mr. Wortley had arrived

safe." She wished the letter had been himself; but the liquid tribute of gratitude fell from her eye at the recollection he was well, and the solicitude he had felt for her: the parents, to sooth their tender child, only talked of Edward's goodness.

The same evening Dorchester brought in two more letters, which came by the Bristol mail. The joy of the whole party was now without bounds. Edward had met with Mr. Melliflower, and his letter was filled with the praises of his new friend; he fully related every circumstance that had occurred to him since his arrival in America, and the passage, which mentioned his intended stay of a couple of months with Mr. M., was the only cloud to Juliet in the blissful intelligence she received.

Mr. M.'s letter was now opened; he amply repaid his friend's praises; assured them the prospect of his union with Juliet was his only happiness: hoped his dear niece would pardon him for keeping him a short time in America; and concluded his letter with the joyful tidings, he hoped,

after he had wound up his commercial concerns, he should make one of their happy family in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Somerville were pious from faith and principle; they believed the Almighty had worked all this goodness for them, and they gratefully poured out their prayers to Him.

Juliet was spotless as an angel; she believed all worldly blessings came from her Creator, whose mercy watcheth the footsteps of the virtuous; and, in her grateful prayer, she joined her beloved Edward and her benevolent uncle.

The evening passed cheerfully, for hope and content again illumined with their bright beams the oak parlour: and though the time that would elapse was long before she should again behold her Edward, and the thought would cause a sigh, love, with his downy wings, would chace the chill intruder from her bosom, and with his laughing joys, restore to it its sweet serenity.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHILST Edward, protected by an all-bountiful Providence, was finding friends in the New World, his enemies in the old were exulting over their too successful artifices, which had removed him, perhaps to perish, out of the road of their unjust and ambitious prospects, in which they had succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations.

Lady Faingood, who had never been acquainted with the vices of the world, whose heart was benevolent, but frigid and inactive, and, whose understanding was limited, and almost shaken by age from its foundation, had been imposed on by Edward's continual absence, that, through some vile action, he had been compelled to abandon his country.

What could be otherwise expected from

a woman of feeble intellect, and now verging on her hundredth year. No act, in a society that values its morality, should be considered valid, when the understanding is impaired by disease or years, and loses the energy of free agency; for, under such circumstances, it becomes only the instrument of some fawning hypocrite, or designing villain, to injure innocent persons; and yet daily instances occur, of the injuries committed in society, by this legalised mischief. It would be happy, if nations, as well as individuals, were bound down by the bonds of unalterable justice.

The partition of Poland by Austria, Prussia, and Russia, furnished the fatal precedent for French injustice in the invasion of other states; and it was the strength of the elements, directed by the Almighty, that crushed this fiend of universal domination in Europe.

Lady Faingood was prevailed on to make a will, that disinherited the rightful heir, and gave it to Lord Littleworth, several removes in consanguinity; and

most of her personals were distributed to more distant cousins.

One fortunate clause, as it turned out by Colonel Staggerwit's persuasion, was inserted; which was, that the freehold estates, should his lordship die without issue, were to revert to the lawful heir: this was a chance blow, not the act of justice.

To give an appearance to this famed will, many of the servants were left independent; and not one without a handsome legacy; whilst the unfortunate Edward was left to combat poverty in an uncharitable world.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mr. Melliflower introduced Edward to the first families of New York; and he had opportunities of minutely observing the male and female departments of the fashionable society of the New World. His greatest difficulty was, in the discrimination of the physical qualities of the belle; which, in the Columbian climes, appeared to be a *nondescript* of the human species;—in the Northern states, she rivals the beauty of the English woman; she is witty, yet she is simple; she is polite, yet unmannerly; she is wise, yet she is ignorant; she is sprightly, yet noisy; she is chaste, yet immodest; she is active, yet she is idle; she is fashionable, yet she is slovenly; she is pleasing, yet disagreeable; she is useful, yet she is awkward; she understandeth things she should not know; and

knoweth nothing of what she ought to understand: the retention of her memory is so extraordinary, she would puzzle a Burke, or a Fox, in politics, though she could not mend a hole in her stocking; and talks as familiarly of fortifications, and defending a town, as a Vauban, or a Montgomery, though she cannot make pie-crust, nor dissect a fowl.

No female of any society of the ancient hemisphere, breathes the air of Freedom so pure as the American lady; she is the autocratrix of her domestic temple; and no country in the world produces so few stains on the married female: they appear to be a mixed genus of the French and English character.

The men, with few exceptions, are conceited; but spirited, vain-glorious, and great talkers; they are sippers on the stream of knowledge, they presume to know much, but, in fact, know scarcely anything profoundly; they have a certain *brusquerie* in their manners, which, in the polished societies of Europe, would be deemed rudeness; they are ostenta-

tious, yet covetous; they are of a roving and fickle disposition, and rather addicted to gaming; they have little susceptibility of the nice feelings of honor, and the rupture of their parole is not considered disgraceful; they are enterprising and speculative, and feel not that sorrow over disappointment, which is displayed by the European character.

Both male and female pursue pleasure as their only phantom, and always appear as if they never thought they raised their superstructures of prosperity upon a shadow. To-day, they are in their coach! to-morrow, in a jail; the next day liberated by the legislature, roving the streets on foot, seeking a fresh speculation.

They imitate English manners, though they hate the nation; and strive to copy its renown, though they despise it.

The savans, or men of letters, in America, with the exception of those arrived from the New World, are very few; yet their poetasters, bombast spouters, and book compilers, are as innumerable as their in-

sects. With the exception of the papers of the revolution, which certainly abound in energy and elegance, Mr. Jefferson's "Notices of Virginia, in refutation of the Count de Buffon's Closet," "Lucubrations in Natural History," and "Franklin's Electricity," the indigenous crop of American science might be squeezed into a watch-fob.

Their writers, as they style themselves, have a happy knack, like the *graculus inanis*, of decorating themselves in the exotic plumes of the peacock. Their celebrated geography, in the plan of Guthrie, is plagiarism from the notes of travellers; and their "System of Navigation," published at New York, and recommended by the wise men of Salem, to the masters of American shipping, is verbatim Hamilton Moore, with the exception of the exclusion of his name, and the substitution of the American plunderer's. America is too rude a country yet, and will be for centuries, ere the Muses shall erect their altars on its unsocial plains. There must

be a certain maturity in civilization, a luxurious warmth in its beams, to soften the mind, to produce the energies of taste and genius; nor scarcely ever does this shining epoch arrive in republics. The jealousy of liberty absorbs all other faculties.

The superb decorations of Rome began under the first triumvirate, and in the early period of the empire, the Roman genius shone in her brightest splendor; the famed republics of Greece produced but a small sum of human greatness, until a Pericles, and other Grecian legislators, assumed monarchical authority in their cities.

New York is a gay and expensive city to live in, and is properly named the American London. Theatricals, balls, concerts, and routs, are as common there as in the metropolis of England.

Edward attended Mr. Melliflower one evening to the theatre, and was much pleased with the acting of Cooper, in Pizarro's play of the Stranger.

The next day, they were invited to dine

at a gentlemans, where they met several distinguished American characters; among which were the Conqueror of Burgoyne, His Excellency the Governor of New York, Judge Blair, a most amiable, well-informed man, and several French and Dutch gentlemen. Edward scrutinized particularly the countenance of the American hero, and discovered, as he thought, not a line that marked the warrior; he was a well-built, good-looking old gentleman, but appeared to him more like a Minister of Mercury, than the Son of Mars. The Virginian judge possessed a very benevolent and interesting physiognomy; he detailed a number of facetious anecdotes of his southern co-patriots, one of which is too laughable to be forgotten.

One of the pleaders of the Supreme court, whose successful talents and deep knowledge of the Law scarcely ever lost him a cause, was very much addicted to the chewing of tobacco, which he spattered, when haranguing, over his brother lawyers, and sometimes squirted it into the

face of the judge; which occasioned a rule to pass, that no tobacco should be made use of in court. The next day a trial of great interest came on, on which our tobacco-pleader was retained; when it was his turn to plead, he could not utter a word; and, for the first time, to the astonishment of the court, he lost his client's cause. The Judge, when the court retired to dine, asked the lawyer how he remained silent in a case of such importance, and which to him appeared yet doubtful. "Because I had no tobacco," answered he, rather pettishly; the prohibition was immediately taken off; a new trial was moved for, and granted; and the quid counsellor, to the entire satisfaction of the court, and joy of his client, regained the trial he had lost.

A conversation afterwards commenced between a Dutch patriot and General G——, on the affairs of the American war. The Hollander declared, "it was not the physical opposition of the revolutionary party which conquered the independence

of the States, but the contempt and supineness of the British commanders, who considered their enemy the easy prey of their leisurely conquest; this delay made the American militia-men veterans; and at length the expellers of the British army from their coast." General G—— acceded to the observations of the foreigner, adding, "the invasion of the United States by the Quebec army, which was an invasion of impenetrable forests and morasses, was one of the greatest military errors a great commander could have committed."

Edward and Mr. Melliflower spent the most agreeable evening that they had passed in New York. The party had all mixed in the world, and had been educated by experience, the best monitress of man. And though the Latin poet finely remarks—

> "Didicisse fideliter artes emollit mores,
> "Nec sinit esse feros."

yet all the closet lessons of the schools,

cannot make a wise man; they are but seeds laid up in a store-house; they must be sown in the world, where they will fructify, and produce plentiful crops of wisdom.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mr. Melliflower asked Edward, if it would be agreeable to him to take an excursion up the Hudson, before they started for Philadelphia; the proposal appearing agreeable, they started with the steam packet in the morning to Hudson and Albany.

The shores of this river present wild, romantic, and cultivated sceneries, numbers of fish floated in the river, but they perceived very few of the aerial tribes, which, when they did, they always flew in flocks, which, Mr. Melliflower said, was the same all over the Continent.

A number of villages, gentlemen's houses, and well cultivated farms adorned the ridges and the low lands, as their steam vessel steered against the current. When they arrived at Hudson, they went

and viewed the town; it was a crowd of houses, like all the American towns, with but few ornamented public structures, which give that splendid appearance to the European towns.

Mr. M. and Edward, after two hours refreshment, proceeded on their voyage. There was little variation in the scenes from Hudson to Albany. This latter is a most flourishing town of trade, its erection is of very late date, and it might be said, from its rapid growth, to have rained houses here. The principal settlers are Dutch, the most useful and laborious class of all the American citizens. They have arrived by thousands in the country since the war, allured by the deserters who settled there during the contest, and became opulent farmers. "The whole county of Lancaster, the best cultivated in the State of Pennsylvania," remarked Mr. Melliflower, "is in the possession of Hessian runaways and prisoners from the British army." After resting a day at Albany, the travellers hired a boat and man to take them, by easy stages, to New York.

They either fished or rambled on the shore, the best part of the morning, and then rowed down the river until the twilight, when they landed and slept at the first tavern.

Edward was surprised the waiters never asked any thing for their trouble. "They are republicans," answered Mr. M., laughing; "and the hirelings, both waiters, coachmen, and chambermaids, would insult you were you to offer them a remuneration for their services; and consider the degradation, if they excepted it, the bartering away of their independence.."—"I wish," replied Edward, "this mania of self-importance would impress the menials of England; travelling would be much cheaper, as the drivers and servants of the inns double its expences." After a few days of pleasant travelling, they arrived safe in the city, and prepared the next morning for their journey to Philadelphia.

CHAPTER XX.

By eight o'clock, they had passed the ferry to Paulus Hock, where the river is three miles wide, and were in their chaise comfortably trotting for Philadelphia; the weather was very warm, and the tree and bull frogs were chirruping and croaking as loud as in May; but not a single note of a bird, though they saw several, greeted them on their journey; some stage coaches passed them, filled with passengers; they are curious vehicles of the light waggon kind, with leathern roofs and curtains, with cross benches for the travellers; they will contain from eight to twelve persons.

The first town they arrived at in the Jerseys was Newark, a pretty little inland town; afterwards they reached Brunswick,

a small city on the river Raritan, where they baited; and next arrived at Prince Town, where there is a celebrated college; the country round it was well cultivated, and the rural scenery rich. They rested there the night; and the next morning, by twelve, arrived at Trenton on the Delaware, and at the head of its navigation for large vessels. It is a very large town, and the capital of the Jerseys. The Court-house is a very fine structure; the disinherited loyalist, son of Doctor Franklin, was once governor of this state. There are extensive manufactories of iron and cotton in its neighbourhood, and a number of very beautiful gentlemen's seats; one of which belonged to the late unfortunate gallant General Moreau.

Trenton is a town that excites the strongest feelings of any place in the Union, in the breast of an Englishman. Here the Fates assembled, and the dye of American independence was cast; if British troops had occupied the town, or city (now called), when the American army was en-

camped near it, perhaps the New World would now have been under the British sceptre.

The wary American Fabius understood well the German customs; and that, in defiance of discipline, the Hessians, who formed the garrison, would get drunk on Christmas Eve; he was too prophetic; in their drunkenness, they were surprised, and killed, or taken prisoners before day, on the morning of Christmas; and by this single disaster, the fate of the war determined. The commander, De Rolle, was shot in his shirt, from his white horse, by a rifleman, whilst rallying his staggering troops.

This was the crisis of American danger; their naked, unpaid troops, exhausted with fatigue, and tired with their treacherous hopes, were determined to disband themselves, and retire to their homes.

The conduct of General Washington under this trying occasion, had he proved afterwards unsuccessful, would have woven for him a crown of everlasting fame. He pledged his honor to his army, he would

discharge, from his own fortune, their arrears, should the Congress not speedily remit the money; and he entreated them to stay with him some time longer, to enable him to succeed in a project, which he knew would prove successful, and secure the blessings of independence to their beloved country.

The voice of one man hushed their mutinous spirit; the wisdom of one man gave freedom to half the world: his plan succeeded, his troops were paid, and thousands of ardent spirits flocked to his standard.

The road from Trenton to Philadelphia presents one of the most beautiful, and richly cultivated, of any in America. The noble and majestic river Delaware, with a smooth flood, a mile wide, dividing Pennsylvania from the Jerseys, flows, almost close to the road, down to the capital. The wooded shores of the Jerseys, shining with evergreens, and studded with farms, villas, and towns, form rich picturesque views; the innumerable white sails gliding on the tide, the orchards loaded with

fruits, the fertile meadows, and the abundant crops of Indian wheat, diversified, with increased richness, the scenery.

They rested their horses at the pretty little town of Bristol, close to the river, and opposite to Burlington on the Jersey side, which make them look like twin sisters of the flood.

Bristol is just twenty miles from Philadelphia, where they arrived safe, in about three hours.

When the servant had taken the trunks from the chaise, Mr. Melliflower welcomed his friend to his own house, which stood in Chestnut Street, near to the State House.

Edward, when he had taken his coffee, as Mr. Melliflower had some mercantile business to transact, retired to bed, to rest himself from his journey; but, weary as he was, he sunk not upon his pillow, until he had breathed a pious prayer to that Providence, who had protected him over the pathless deep, and brought a friend to him in a New World. He thought upon his Juliet, her dear father and mo-

ther, and benevolent uncle; and after he had blessed them, though the God of Sleep pressed his eye-lids with his oblivious poppies, the God of Dreams pictured, with the vision of bliss, his sleeping fancies.

His peaceful repose continued, till the noise of the servants descending the stairs, dissolved the enchantments of his sleep; and perceiving the splendor of the day illuminating his chamber, he hastily dressed himself, to pay his respects to Mr. Melliflower, who, he supposed, was risen.

His friend was already in the breakfast room, and the tea equipage ready on the table. Mr. M.'s kind looks spoke his happiness on perceiving Mr. Wortley enter; and he tenderly enquired how he had slept? "Never better in my life;" replies the grateful Edward. He added, "We are very early breakfasters in our city, have you any objection to join me? and I will request a further favor of you: business will occupy me a few hours this morning, but afterwards I shall have full leisure to attend you; I hope, my friend,

you will excuse me, and not attribute it to inattention nor neglect?"

Edward pressed his hand; it spoke more than words; and the two friends breakfasted. Mr. Melliflower went down to his counting-house, and Edward took a quiet ramble through the city. He first entered the Library, instituted by the celebrated Doctor Franklin, and read its magnificent collection of books with pleasure. When he came out, he viewed the bust of the founder, over the door, with reverence; he thought it would be his monument to the latest ages of the Americans.

He then entered the Museum. The skeleton of the tremendous mammoth, an animal who chewed the forest trees for its support, and so superior to the elephant in size, struck him with astonishment; he reflected upon Nature's everlasting protection of her families, which never became extinct; and disbelieved the naturalist's account of this creature; for if it be carnivorous, where was its food to be found? and where is now the animal to

be found? Do not all large animals, such as the elephant and hippopotamus, feed on corn and vegetables? and he concluded they were the bones of the elephant or some large marine animal, distorted by lying in the earth of mineral qualities. Peales ornithological collection is extremely extensive and perfect; for no country produces such a variety of birds as the Atlantic world: the extreme smallness of the humming-bird, whose summer-house is the tramper flower, and its nectarium his store-house of food, compared with the size of the eagle of the sun, is a source of wonder. The number of the species of this almost invisible wanderer of the air, is nearly incredible, which increases in splendor of dress according to the warmth of his residence.

The colors of the plumage of those of South America, within the tropics, surpass expression; some are of various gold shades, intermixed with red or green feathers: some are purple, green, and gold, but all the birds of this order are beautiful.

The mineral, medal, and entomological classes are very meagre, nor are the animals numerous.

It contains specimens of American manufactures, and some curiosities of the Indian nations and other countries.

CHAPTER XXI.

As Mr. Melliflower and Edward next morning walked down Chestnut Street, to take a survey of the famed city of Penn, and largest of the Columbian states, the former could not refrain from exclaiming, that the gothic inhabitants of the Thread-needle city were not more successful in thwarting the architectural design of the ingenious Wren, than the avaricious proprietors of Pennsylvania, in spoiling the plan of the benevolent founder of their metropolis, which combined convenience, ornament, and beauty, nor does a single line remain of the design of this great philosopher and legislator, but the division of the city into squares, which make the streets intersect each other at right angles. He included all the appendages for towns in hot climates, fountains, canals, shade,

and extensive gardens; but avarice has built on every spare spot, and the streets on the Delaware have not the accommodation of a shepherd's hut in England, where a temple is certain to be found dedicated to the mysterious goddess.

It is supposed, the fatal disorders which have so frequently desolated this beautiful town of the new hemisphere, have been occasioned by these unwholesome *innovations*.

Philadelphia, the richest and most commercial city of the states of America, is built upon a tongue of land, or peninsula, formed by the rivers Delaware and Skuillkill, which allows a breadth of two miles; the houses almost extend to the bank of the latter river, which is not navigable higher than the bridge that leads to Lancaster county and the western territory. The streets, which run parallel to the Delaware towards the Skuillkill, North and South, are named Water Street, Front, Second, Third, &c. The perpendicular streets

run east and west between the two rivers, and are named Market Street, (which divides the city into two parts, and is one hundred and twenty feet wide) Chestnut, Walnut, Mulberry, Arch, &c.

The streets, as you approach from the Delaware, up Market Street, on the right, are called North, Second, &c., and those on the left South, Front, South, Second, &c.

There are several neat brick-built churches, but few elegant spires; the State house, erected before the revolution, is a substantial fabric, as are the Custom and Bethlem Houses, and the Hospital. The banks, particularly that raised by a private individual, Mr. Girard, the Plutus of America, in South Third Street, with a Grecian facade and portico of American marble.

The Jail, built behind the State-house yard, is also a strong and convenient structure. The houses in general are elegant, some are magnificent, but their red surfaces, being composed of a fiery coloured

brick, heat the air to that extraordinary degree in summer, that it is like passing through a baker's oven, and give the city a universal sameness.

Were they to colour the bricks white, and plant some trees where the spaces would admit, it would so reduce the heat of the streets, which is often above a hundred degrees in July and August, as to render them cool and agreeable even under the rays of the dog star.

The shops are many of them as elegant as those in London; and the principal market, which is held in Market Street, is plentifully supplied, though on as dear terms as in Europe, with fish, flesh, fowl, domestic and wild, and all sorts of fruits and vegetables.

The city is supplied with water by an engine from the Skuillkill, which forms, at the top of Market Street, one of its prettiest ornaments.

The Delaware, for a mile in length, is covered with large ships; it is nearly two miles wide, and a seventy-four gun ship

can float in low water close to the wharfs.

The population of this city is about one hundred and twenty thousand; it contains several schools and a college, but of no very great celebrity.

CHAPTER XXII.

Mr. Melliflower took his friend in the evening to view the economy of the state prison. The penal code of the United States, deprives no human being of his existence, but for murder.

Workshops are provided in the jail, where the felons exercise their several trades; and, after a deduction for their subsistence, their extra earnings are carefully preserved for them till the period of their confinement has elapsed, when the industrious are certain to carry out a sufficient fund to enable them, for the future period of their lives, to support themselves with credit. The cleanness of their lodging is a source of admiration, and their food is nutritive, good, and wholesome.

The Quakers, that singular but benevolent society, were the projectors of this

excellent reform to the vicious, which has proved so successful, that hundreds of depraved characters who entered, have come out worthy and industrious citizens.

How superior this plan to the general massacre of the victims of crime in the crowded states of Europe, in which infants have perished before their reason expanded, who would have reformed under a similar institution, lived and reflected credit upon society.

The Pennsylvanian law or constitution, which emanated from the pure spirit of Penn, in its liberality, and benefits to mankind, eclipses the famed code of Lycurgus, and the milder system of the Athenian legislator; but in civil cases, the chill spirit of the Roman law seems to have extended to the New World; and whilst the felon, the murderer, and the incendiary, are nourished and comforted, the unfortunate debtor, perhaps a foreigner, who has neither friend nor connection, is left to perish in his confinement, not being allowed, unless he can provide it himself, one morsel of bread to exist on; strange,

unnatural cruelty of both worlds, that, from the earliest ages, have shaded the morality of human institutions.

Fraudulent debtors, no doubt, there are, but these are not punished by imprisonment; whilst those whose misfortunes come so suddenly upon them, that no prudence can avert them, or the victim of an extortionate creditor, whose illicit dealings have defrauded him of every comfort in life, pine without sustenance, and though pennyless and a beggar, he must languish till the period of his captivity by the cold forms of the law expires, ere he can breathe the fresh air of freedom, and by his talents or labour again support his existence.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The state government of Pennsylvania varies but little from those of the other states. It consists of a governor, who issues all local proclamations, assembles the legislature, and is commander in chief of the militia, and of two houses, the senate, and house of assembly, whose salaries, which are moderate, are all paid by the people; the elective franchise extends so widely, that it includes almost all the adult male population of the province.

The manners of the Philadelphians are of a more *sombre cast* than of any other city of America; which is partly impressed by the gravity of the number of Quakers. The sobriety and morality of this city are proverbial. Fanaticism here has found a welcome asylum, and preaching and praying include a great portion of their time. Re-

ligion is here so refined, that they say, even in respectable families, platonism has superseded the joys of wedlock, and that holy men and women sleep apart; all this metamorphose of domestic comfort might be excusable, if truth, sincerity, benevolence, and good will to man, were in the circle of their household goods. But, perhaps, in no city in the world are the real duties of man so coldly attended to. Imposition on the ignorant, unkindness to the stranger, and illiberality to the unfortunate, are the inhospitable traits of the Philadelphians; and, unheeded and unfelt for, the victim of penury might perish in this Christian city; whom, if chance had conducted to the Wigwam of the untutored Indian, would have been made a cheerful participator of the only luxuries he possesses, his roasted corn and dried venison.

Religion, sweet spirit of the heavens, and white robed counsellor of God to man! thou cherishest no dark designs against human happiness; thy voice is the voice of comfort to his heart; thy pre-

cepts, the laws of his welfare; thou teachest him to despise the contracted circle of self; and in his good will to man, to taste the bounties of humanity in its wide and unbounded orbit; and, whilst he poureth the oil and wine into his brother's wounds, to conceal his errors beneath the veil of man's fallibility. It is thy holy inspirations, when sorrow presses heavy on his bosom, which enables him, with fortitude, to bear his trials. He knows his Redeemer liveth, and that his reward is not of this life; and though hypocrisy has stolen thy snowy mantle, and walketh up and down the earth, seeking whom she may devour, thy votaries cannot be deceived, for it is not the prayer of the mouth, but the charity of their actions that proves to him the true believers.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Mr. Melliflower, who was not a superficial, but an actual observer of human nature, and who had lived many years in America, on their return from their perambulation of the city, began his description of America to Edward.

"The United States is certainly, as the late Dr. Franklin remarked many years ago, the poor man's refuge; but these advantages do not result to him from the benevolence and wisdom of its institutions, nor the fertility of its climate. Man finds there, on its indefinite surface, sufficient employment, and it is the wants of his superiors, not their generosity, that rise the price of his services, and better his condition. Man is the same being in the new as in the old hemisphere: he feels the same passions, the same wants, the

same pains, the same pleasures, the same solicitudes for the exclusive privileges of station, power, wealth, and splendor.

"America can scarcely yet be called a country: the families of mankind have assembled there, and the fertility of its vast soil has supersedêd their necessities; nor has it yet experienced the wisdom of its legislation; its thin population, scattered over immense regions, amidst their abundance, have no complaints to make; all their trials are to come, when the lands are fully peopled; and, like the ancient states, their energies must be roused to supply their increasing wants.

"But though there is a republican, or rather patriarchal equality in the provinces, the societies of the cities possess the same distinctive feelings as the European capitals, and the same pride and ambition in their habits: the importer blends not with the retailer; the store-keeper not with the mechanic; nor the mechanic with the domestic. Their entertainments and amusements are separated with impassable bar-

riers; and it would be as utterly impossible for an intruder to pass them, as the common gambler of a London pot-house to become a member of White's club in St. James's Street; or a tradesman's wife to be introduced to a court levee.

"The only persons," he added, "who should become adventurers to America, should be labourers, mechanics, and the merchant. The two first classes are wanted, find full employment, and, with care and sober habits, often gain independence; the latter, as it is the land to get money in (with those who withdraw their confidence in mankind), will find numerous opportunities for successful speculations; but as yet it is too young a country for the artist, and men of letters; they want not their assistance: all who have been deluded with the fancied hopes of success have been disappointed, and compelled to return to Europe, the land of the sciences and arts.

"Nor is America an agreeable residence for those possessed of the *otium cum dignitate.* Its society is deficient in that

elegant polish and charm of intercourse which constitute the independent assemblies of the old world: this tact of humane manners, lives only in the sphere of full independence, as necessary a stage to form the happiness and harmony of a civilized body, and to call forth its energies, as either of the other divisions of mankind; the truth of which is felt and acknowledged, even by the rich republicans; for they never consider their children have completed their education, until they have visited Europe, and become familiar with its habits and elegant manners." Mr. Melliflower continued, "though the prices of labour in this country are high, the expense of living is as extravagant; butcher's meat is seldom under seven or eight-pence per pound sterling; butter from fourteen-pence to two shillings and six-pence; and vegetables more exorbitant; but the two éxcessive drawbacks on labour, are house-rent and firing; the first is double the rate of houses in London; and the latter, for the poor man cannot provide his stock of fuel in the summer,

is often ten and twelve dollars a cord, and the humblest fire will consume a quarter of a cord weekly. If to these are added the numerous epidemical disorders that hover round him, such as dysentery, ague, erisipelus, pleurisy, and various fevers, especially the yellow, which, in virulence and effects, equals the plague, and the severity of the winter, which occasions the loss of so many days' labour, one of these adventurers would find, upon calculation, that his expences taxed his industry so severely, that his Atlantic earnings were not superior to those of his native country, besides the irreparable loss of his happiness and health, his sobriety and peace of mind."

CHAPTER XXV.

In the morning, Mr. Melliflower and Edward crossed over to Cooper's Ferry; Edward took one of Mr. M.'s fowling-pieces, and they rambled into the Jerseys after game, for there are no game laws in the United States. Edward shot half a dozen robins, which are as large as the red breast thrush of Europe, and several reed birds, which are as delicious as the ortolan. He saw a flock of blackbirds, not half the size of the English, and their plumage is varied with yellow, white, and red feathers; and killed a Baltimore bird, whose plumage is a bright scarlet. The woodpeckers of America are very beautiful; there are several species of them. The woodcocks fly in flocks, like most of the feathered species on the Transatlantic shores. Edward shot two as they flew

over his head; they are considerably less than that species in the Old World, and so is the partridge, which weighs no more than the European quail. There is no hare in Pennsylvania nor the Jerseys, but rabbits in abundance, who do not burrow, but conceal themselves in hollow trees: as Edward was firing at one of these animals, a hoop snake came rolling down the green path in the wood towards Mr. Melliflower, he flung his stick at the reptile, and wounded it, but it made a secure retreat.

The number of the colibri species in America is astonishing, from the boa-constrictor to the little glass snake. Edward saw the slough of one, which measured eighty feet. The black snake will run after a man, but his bite is not venomous; these creatures get into the dairies to drink the milk, and even into the houses. Mr. M. knew a lady of the city, who found one of these creatures, of the moccasin species, on her breast when she awoke in the morning, at a friend's house in the country; her screams brought up the ser-

vants, who flung it off her, without doing her the least injury; the same creature stung her daughter, and caused her death. The rattle-snake is a very dangerous reptile; his bite is mortal, if the piece is not cut out, or the Indian remedy applied immediately, a recipe the Indians never will communicate to the white people. The red men say, and it has been proved by the white people, that a rattle-snake has such an antipathy to the witch hazel, that they never will approach a branch of it; and if it be covered with the leaves of it, it will cause its death.

Edward, whilst rambling the woods, asked Mr. M. whether the wolves came down so low in the country. "No," he replied, "unless the winter should prove exceedingly severe; they have then been frequently killed both in the Jerseys and the other thickly settled states."

As they were returning to the ferry-house, Edward shot a bird, which Mr. M. called their pheasant; it was not bigger than the English partridge. Several flying squirrels were darting from tree to

tree, and Edward was much pleased with their agility; the leaps, or rather flights, they take, are astonishing. Mr. M. said the squirrel species was very numerous; the fox kind was as large as a little dog.

They now repassed the river, and delivered their game to the servant to cook for their dinner.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mr. Melliflower was called out of the room, as he had sat down, by his housekeeper; and, when he returned, he exclaimed to Edward, "of all the plagues, not even excepting the musquitoes and flies in summer, servants are the greatest. My cook has left me, because she was desired to pick the birds you shot; this makes the eleventh white cook I have hired within this twelvemonths; they have high wages, yet are never satisfied; they will go out when they please; and come in when they please; and do as they please; and you must wait upon yourself when they please. When they come to be hired, they are so fine with their mantles, silk, or muslin gowns, and parasols, you would take them to be the first ladies of the city, until they tell their errand; such is the glorious insubordina-

tion of irrational liberty. A gentleman and a man of sense never scruples to perform his duty; but these ignorant creatures consider every command as a burthen. Those who purchase slaves are more faithfully served than those who hire free people, whose constant privilege, they think, is to insult you. This evil has fretted me more than all the losses I ever experienced in trade."

As it was early, Mr. M. and Edward walked to Bush Hill, where detachments of the state militia were exercising; the blunders of the officers, who were mostly tradesmen, and the grotesque appearance of many of the men, with staves, instead of muskets, caused a smile in Edward's countenance.

A regiment of volunteer cavalry, dressed in green uniforms, made a fine appearance, and performed their evolutions in a good style. Mr. M. pointed out to Edward Governor Mifflin, who seemed an active soldier-like man.

When the field was over, they returned to the city.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In the afternoon, Mr. Melliflower resumed his discourse of the United States.

"When the storm of the revolution had ceased, and peace succeeded the strife of war, the sudden calm, which like the calm of the ocean, is often as fatal in its effects as the hurricane's rage, seemed to threaten greater calamities than what it had endured during the conquest of its independence. The country was divided into three parties, and each strove to get adopted the system of its own theories.

"At this period, the delegates from the various states met in the state room of New York, to deliberate and choose a form of government analogous to the feelings of the people, and the interests of the states.

"The expectation of the citizens was in

a state of ferment, and to the prompt energies of a few wise men, the splendid epocha was gained, that fixed the permanent welfare of the nations.

"The partizans of General Washington, and the celebrated, but unfortunate, Colonel Hamilton, a West Indian by birth, of considerable natural talents, refined by the experience of the world.

"The democratic party, of which the scientific Mr. Jefferson was the chief, espoused a pure republican form of government, with annual elections. The ultra democratic party conceived opposition against every plan, and had none of their own to present.

"When the general scheme of erecting a government similar to the English was scented by the other parties, the outcry of 'what they had fought for,' became so vehement and resistless, that a compromise took place, from which was born the federal government as it now stands.

"The contents, which included the largest portion of talent and wealth in the states, assumed the name of Federalists,

the non-contents, that of Antifederalists, which denote similar principles to those of the tory and whig parties in England.

"The general outlines of the federal constitution are, the legislature, which consists of three branches; viz. the monarchical part, vested in a president, which must be a citizen of the west states, born in one of the states; the aristocratical part, consisting of a certain number of senators, two from every state; a part of these, with the vice-president; form the privy council of the president: these are elected for six years, one third going out every two years. The democratical part, which consists of the members of Congress, elected from the different states, which are dissolved every two years.

"The whole of the legislature have salaries paid them by the people, but these are scarcely equal to their expences; the president's allowance for presiding over the destinies of a nation of seven millions of people, does not exceed the moderate income of an English country 'squire: his prerogatives are very limited; he ap-

points ambassadors, signs treaties, is commander of the land and sea forces, summons the legislature, &c.; but his acts, by a majority of two-thirds of the Congress, may be overruled; in case of an interregnum, on his demise, he is by right succeeded in office by the vice president.

"The powers of making peace and war are vested in the House of Congress, though the acts of this house are rendered nul by a similar majority in the senate.

"The civil officers, who are selected by the president, cannot become members of Congress; and they labour under great disadvantages from this prohibition, as they have no opportunities of vindicating their public conduct, which is often undeservedly censured by their triumphant enemies in the Congress.

"The federal government, whilst it assumes the general sovereignty of the union, is still controlled by the separate powers of the states, each of which possesses a local sovereign authority to provide laws for its own prosperity.

"The solar system exactly represents

the American government. The sun is the federal legislature, that warms and nourishes the union; the attendant planets are the several states moving in orbits round it, whose mutual gravitation is essential to the harmony and welfare of the whole, and which occasions its permanent existence. And whilst the general government controls the selfish principles of the states, the states repel the unjust influence of the former."

Mr. Melliflower remarked, "the legislature of America, with the exception of the elective franchise, was a perfect picture of the British constitution; and Britain with pride may say, she has transfused her legislature, her language, and her energies, into the New World beyond the Atlantic waves.

"The parties at the Union," Mr. Melliflower continued, "at present are nearly balanced; but the democratic party rises the fastest, and there is no doubt will soon acquire a perfect ascendancy; and when Virginia elects her president of those prin-

ciples, a long series of years will elapse before either of the other states will possess the chance of choosing a first magistrate.

"Pennsylvania is considered as the balancing state, and could at any period decide the victory for the federalists; but the greatest part of her population are Germans, and these are wholly democrats; and when once federalism sinks, she will never rise again.

"The merchants are almost universally federalists; the farmers and mechanics, which are numerous, chiefly antifederalists.

"The States of America may be properly divided into four classes, each possessing distinct characteristics.

"The northern, which includes Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Vermont, are a gloomy, discontented, superstitious, pedantic, active, but overreaching race of men; they are the hive of the American country; their citizens, roving to and settling all the new lands. There are more prayers and more frauds com-

mitted in these states in one month, than in a year in all the other states; they are considered by their own citizens in the same light as the English do a Yorkshireman, that is, he comes to take you in; so rigidly they pray for forgiveness of their sins on the Sunday, that in some of their cities, it is a punishable crime to smoke a segar on that day.

"They furnish doctors, lawyers, parsons, and schoolmasters to most of the southern states. An Amsterdam Jew, who had lived among them some time, and had suffered severe losses by their *ruse de commerce*, said he never knew, till he arrived at Boston, that his nation had a thirteenth tribe, but there he found it, whose right hand cunning exceeded that of the other twelve.

"The middle states" Mr. Melliflower observed, "were an active, spirited, industrious people, but tinctured with fanaticism.

"The southern were a hospitable, choleric, dissipated, generous, rich people,

but too much addicted to the false pleasures of wine and gaming. Their kindness to strangers is excessive: the southern gentleman does not ask you merely to dine with him, but to fix your residence for weeks with him if agreeable to you. Virginia and Carolina have elicited more talent than all the rest of the states combined.

"The western states and settlements, with the exception of a small portion of Kentucky, are almost in a state of nature, and little more civilized than the Ancient Britons. The distance between the settlements, which prevents society, their solitary rural labours in the spring and summer, and their indefinite excursions in the winter, living like Indians in the woods, have almost deprived them of the traces of civilization, which would be totally extinguished, if not renewed by fresh accessions of adventurers from the kingdoms of Europe and their sister states.

"The climate of these new settled regions and the soil, are the best of the country; their existence is a semi-barbarism, un-

gifted but by an abundance that gratifies their sensual appetites.

"The wolves and other beasts of prey abound amongst them. One of their Gazettes, a short time since, related a fatal accident which had happened to one of the settlers, who was cutting wood not far from his own house: he was attacked by a troop of wolves, which, after a long contest, devoured him, as his hatchet was found at the foot of a large tree, where seven of those animals were found dead. It is supposed he must have fixed himself against it, knocking them on the head as they advanced, till overpowered by their numbers, the unfortunate but brave man, fell a victim to their ravenous appetites: the thigh bones and part of his skull were found the next day, and the traces of much blood in the wood, which must have flowed from the number of animals he had wounded.

"One poor farmer, who had crossed a mile of snow in the evening to visit a neighbour, was, on his return home, sur-

prised by the howlings of a pack of these animals. He ascended a sapling oak tree; the wolves surrounded, and began to gnaw it to get at their prey; after some time they retreated: but the fright was so great upon the panic-struck man, that when he was found by his servants, he was a perfect ideot, knew nothing that had passed, nor ever after recovered his reason.

"The climate of the United States, though ameliorating every season, is still the capricious parallel of extremes; and though the eastern shores of the Atlantic in the same latitude, boast the purest air and fairest seasons of any portion of the globe, New York and Philidelphia, in the latitude of Portugal, in winter suffer the frosts and cold of the frigid Zone, and in summer the heats of the Equator. April, May, and June are delightful months; the breezes from the south-west perfume the airs with the fragrant sweets of the woods and meadows, and fill the body with a voluptuous softness, and the mantle of spring is of the most vivid lustre. But

soon as the summer quarter commences, the heats become intolerable, a dull blue mist hovers on the prospect, the air is filled with swarms of insects, the forest trees lose their green brightness, and a sullen tanned garment from the burnt verdure, covers the late blooming plains and gardens. The fall months are generally pleasant, and when gilded with what they term the Indian summer, November is as pleasant as the finest spring month.

"To give you some idea of the capriciousness of our climate, I noted in the early part of September, last year, the thermometer in the morning at ninety degrees of heat; the wind shifted to the north-west at ten o'clock, and at six the same evening, the quicksilver was as low as the division of forty-five degrees. You were asking me yesterday respecting the commerce and productions of the United States. The imports last year amounted nearly to twenty-five millions sterling; as the settlements increase, the amount will augment in proportion.

"The balance of trade is considerably against them, the exports being much inferior in value: these consist of lumber, fish, pot and pearl ashes, flax, seed, flour, and provisions from the northern and middle states; and tobacco, flour, cotton, indigo, and rice, from the southern.

"The trade of the back states, which consists of skins, furs, flour, meal, &c., mostly descends the Ohio to the Mississippi, whence it is carried to New Orleans, where they dispose of their vessels and cargoes, and return home through the forests.

The Americans trade with all the world; the commerce of the parts of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Charleston, is incalculable; their trade to India and China very extensive and profitable; and what appears an astonishing paradox is, Englishmen naturalized in America can settle unmolested in India, whilst the subjects in our mother country are denied this privilege. Some of the largest fortunes known in the United

States have been amassed by this profitable speculation.

"The manufactures of iron, glass, lead, cordage, copper, ship-building, and nails, are now the most extensive from the great emigration of British artisans.

"England has inevitably lost the nail-trade, and will soon lose the glass and lead; at Pittsburgh the finest crystal glass is made. The nails are all stamped* from sheet iron, from the finest to the coarsest sorts, by a machine, which was first brought from Birmingham.

"Patent shothouses are now frequent in America, and many of the lighter trades, as silversmiths, carvers and gilders, watch-makers, &c., are carried on to a great extent. The woollen and cotton branches have been introduced, but not with success; labour is too expensive, and the articles produced not so fine and good, nor yet so cheap, as the British. They may succeed in time of war, but in peace never can.

"America in another century, will cer-

tainly reach a pitch of strength and grandeur that will surprise and astonish the Old World; her population increases in the ratio of compound interest: what millions will she then count in one hundred years more?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mr. Melliflower remarked, "the Americans had no church establishments, which caused a perfect harmony to exist between all the sects of religion of the christian faith: with the exception of the Roman Catholics, the ministers were dependent upon their flocks, whose vestries could remove them, at any time, for neglect of duty, or unchristian conduct; their salaries, principally raised by the rents of the pews, with their surplus fees, were independencies, which made them very circumspect in their exterior behaviour; their duty," Mr. M. observed, "was very heavy, frequently preaching three times on a Sunday, very often on the week days, and regularly attending the houses of the sick to preach to them." He said, "some of their pastors were men of distinguished talents and real virtues, but many of them

were cunning, ignorant fanatics, who had found a good living, and knew how to take care of it. It was common to meet in a company characters of all persuasions, who scrupulously refrained, in their conversation, from the topics of religion, though each, in public, pursued his zealous plan of making converts. The Episcopalians of the English establishments are very numerous. Bishop White of this city, is at the head of it, and a most excellent man he is. The Calvinists are numerous; so are the Roman Catholics; and so are the votaries of every persuasion; for Dean Swift's three coats are cut into a thousand shapes in America. The Jews enjoy a privilege in this country, denied them in all states of the Old World; they are eligible to hold any of the civil offices.

"You were asking me yesterday respecting the number of emigrants: it is supposed, those which annually arrive from Europe, on an average, since the beginning of the French war, at least, amount to

sixty thousand; this, at an average of eight pounds sterling clear profit a head for their passage, gives the Americans a saving of £480,000, besides their property carried over, which, exclusive of Irish and Dutch, or Germans, who, by servitude pay their passage, must amount, at an average of twenty pounds each, to one million two hundred thousand pounds of annual wealth brought into the country. The transportation of the poor Irish and Germans is a shameful stain on those countries who permit it, and a disgrace to the Americans. They are kept like felons on board the ships in the river, until they are disposed of; and if they should attempt to escape, they are ill-treated and imprisoned. When sold, they sometimes meet with harsh and barbarous masters, and sometimes with merciful ones; some perish during their ordeal of slavery, and some survive it, and afterwards become opulent citizens; but these chances are like the prizes in the lottery, very rare. With respect to the Indian tribes, they are daily decreasing,

and soon will disappear from the soil like the shadowy group of minstrels in Gray's Bard.

"Among some, the arts of civilization, by the humanity of the American Government, have been introduced; and, in time, these will probably become a domestic people. To the honor of the founder of this state, he never defrauded the Indians of an acre of land, he fairly purchased all he claimed; but horrid cruelties and impositions have been practised upon these innocent men, and the only proprietors, by the Law of Nature, of the soil.

"There is a deputation of the chiefs of some of the Indian nations now in town, and to-morrow I will wait on my friend Ellicot, who is surveyor of the United States, and introduce you to them.

"I shall now speak of the Africans; these people, free and in slavery, form almost the fourth part of the population of the country; they will cause, at a future period, great uneasiness to the white inhabitants, as they increase. They will not be permitted to intermarry, and, of

course, will remain a separate people ;—a nation within a nation—like the Israelites in Egypt, who, before their expulsion, terrified the natives. The most prudent way would be, to establish them on the distant, unoccupied lands, and form them into a society of themselves.

"It is a great error in the Europeans to suppose the negro is defective in mental strength. I have heard as eloquent a sermon from a black preacher, as I ever heard in any church whatever. They have produced poets and astronomers ; and in general this sable race, where they have derived opportunities for improving their minds, have discovered talents that a white man would be proud to possess. Many of the free Africans in this city, have acquired large properties ; and, in their social affections to each other, show more warmth and friendship than their white brethren. Their funerals are attended by throngs, all manifesting the soberest demeanour, and most sincere grief. On many of the great estates to the southward, there are several hundreds of these unfortunate creatures

in slavery; and though no men express more admiration of liberty, and explain its blessings better than these proprietors, some of them are cruel and tyrannical masters to their slaves; neither clothing, feeding, nor treating them properly. Emancipation is gradually extending itself; and slavery will soon be extinct in the United States, which good has been principally effected by the Quakers.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The next day, Edward and Mr. Melliflower called on Mr. Andrew Ellicot, to solicit of him an introduction to the Indian chiefs. That scientific gentleman, with an urbanity that ever distinguishes him, accompanied them to the red men's lodgings. They found them most grotesquely habited in mantles, with ornaments in their noses and ears, and of a most ferocious aspect, with red bodies, and their hair black, like a horse's mane. There was one squah, or queen, with them, as ill-shaped and ugly a lump of flesh, as nature ever sent into this world; and yet she appeared to be the Venus of one of these kings. The Indians, as soon as they entered, presented the calumet, or pipe of peace; and their custom is, to take a whiff of it, and then present it to the next neighbour, he to that beside him,

and so on till every one has smoked out of the same pipe. They were attended by an Irish interpreter, who spoke several of the Indian dialects; and whilst Edward was in seeming conversation aside with one of the youngest chiefs, he was particularly cautioned by him not to take notice of either of them, when separate from the whole company, as their jealousy was extreme, and might occasion fatal consequences. Mr. Ellicot put a number of questions to them, beginning with the eldest, which is a necessary respect amongst them, concerning religion; all their answers concurred in the belief of a Supreme Being, which they denominated by the name of the Spirit of the Great Waters. They were asked, what attributes they bestowed upon this great spirit. No archbishop could have replied more significantly than the chief of whom the question was demanded; his answer was, "the Great Spirit made all things, and lived in all things." Their notions of the Evil Spirit were rather singular: they acknowledged they made him presents, lest

he should hurt them, which the great good Spirit never did.

Mr. Ellicott observed that, "with the exception of the diseases introduced by the Europeans, and the horrid dissipation occasioned by their rum, or strong water, which some of the chiefs had wisely interdicted in their tribes, they had no complaints or vices among them. They are a grave, sensible class of the human race; they can give no account of their origin, but say their fathers, more moons than they could count back, came far from the west. Their speeches abound with the richest sublimity of figures; and possess a pathos superior even to Ossian, or any of the ancient specimens, particularly the speeches of Logan and Red Head, or Beaver. Their manners are simple; their soul seems to be regulated by one master-spring, the love of glory; they pursue her phantom at the chace, as well as on the plains of war; they love idleness, scorn drudgery; and when they revile one of their fellows who has offended them, they tell him to go and work like a white man.

"Climate and sustenance impress the varieties of the human species; the northern Indians are very ordinary; their features improve as the tribes advance southwardly; and the Cherokees have as fine models of men and women amongst them, as the statuaries of Greece ever furnished."

When Edward beheld these men, now a solitary remnant of the millions that peopled the United States before the settlements of the English, he scarcely could refrain the tear, and he almost ejaculated, "O, God! what had these naked men committed, that they should be swept from the surface of the earth?" But he checked the impiety, looked up to heaven for pardon, and did not dare to disturb the inscrutable decrees of the Allwise.

There remained, whilst they dined, a number of persons staring through the windows at them; they desired the shutters to be almost closed. They are a very polite people; they never gaze at strangers, and cannot bear to be gazed at. They are excessive eaters, and their abstinence is alike extraordinary. Mr. E. said, "they

could suffer hunger for a fortnight, without repining; and their sagacity in tracing their enemies over the surface of rocks, where no trace could be indented, exceeds all the sense of finding their prey which is attributed to the instinct tribes."

CHAPTER XXX.

"THERE is a species of commerce," remarked Mr. Melliflower to Edward, next morning at breakfast, "which I have not given in my description of the United States, which has proved more fatal in its effects to the credulous adventurers in it, than the unequal chances of a lottery, or bubbles of a South Sea scheme; it is land jobbing, whose extensive speculations embrace surfaces of the Union, large enough to form great kingdoms. This iniquitous traffic is not confined to sharpers only, but men of exalted situations in society, and who presume to value their reputation, are concerned in it. Specious titles have been made out, and fanciful maps wrought, of portions of lands described as the most fertile, abounding with large timber-trees, the certain indices

of a good soil, intersected with gentle rivers and creeks, with excellent water-falls for mills of every description; and in the midst of flourishing settlements; though, on examination, they will be found to be a raw pine sand, that will bear no other crop, or the rocky sides of hills in a north western aspect, whose tornadoes sweep from their surfaces every fragment of vegetation.

"Oftentimes these estates offered for sale, are of the *terra incognita*, mapped by the land jobber's imagination from the mist of a mountain, or vapour of a river, and which never existed upon earth.

"It frequently has occurred, that lands of a good title have been sold three or four times to different persons; and, through the dread of litigation, have been lost to all the purchasers, leaving the prize to the enjoyment of the triumphant villain.

"As in all trades, there are some honest bargainers of land, but the iniquities of this shameful commerce are too successfully exerted; and some legislative

act should controul a system of villany, which daily plunders the credulous emigrant and foreign merchant, and reflects, to the nation's disgrace, the only stain upon its honor.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Several letters had been forwarded, both by Edward and Mr. Melliflower, to England: one of these Juliet was reading in the oak parlour, her father and mother had just risen from the breakfast-table, and she was left in that solitude her tender, but agitated feelings, required. Much as she respected and loved her uncle, she felt impressions of a more ardent kind for another, and she was sometimes angry, though her reason chided her, at his detaining Edward so long in America. It was now autumn, the groves wore their yellow mourning for the departed summer, the fields had lost their verdure, and the almost leafless hedges blushed with the red berries of the hawthorn, and wild rose, nature's bountiful provender for the red-breast and the field-fare, which, in famished flocks, had for-

saken the rigorous forests of Scandinavia. The songs of the feathered warblers were silenced by the cold eastern blast, and the only sounds that resounded to the ears of Juliet, were those of the flail that issued from the barn.

Juliet sighed and counted over in her mind the number of days from thence till Christmas; though little more than a month it appeared an age of time, (so much is the object lengthened in perspective), before she hoped to behold her Edward.

But a thousand fears tormented her imagination; she had learned in the absence of her lover, that the sea had its dangers, she shuddered when she reflected on them. When that prospect subsided, another of a more painful nature to faithful love would arise, and she would fancy he might behold one more fair, more worthy, and wealthier than herself; but hope, the vision of the virtuous, would chace the hateful image from her mind, and again she would be composed, and still believe him the faithfullest of his sex.

The tea things remained undisturbed

upon the table, for she had thought of no earthly object but her Edward, when her father and mother, in some agitation, returned into the parlour.

Juliet anxiously expected they had brought a letter, but she was disappointed, and sighed. Their intelligence was of a disagreeable nature. Lady Faingood had died, and left nothing to the worthy, the deserving Edward. The stable-boys had been remembered in her testament; many of the servants had been by her legacies made independent; the most distant relatives had been benefited; whilst the rightful heir was scarcely mentioned, but in a manner that could never prove of advantage to him.

Mr. and Mrs. Somerville made use of something like curses, but there was no accusing spirit to bear to heaven's chancery the oaths.

The tears fell from Juliet's bright eyes, but not for the disappointment of wealth; it was a shower of incense to heal the the wounds of her Edward, who might feel disappointed. She valued alone his

happiness, and would prefer her lot with him, though they were cast upon a desert.

Mr. Somerville, in that tone of affliction, that gave a double weight to his observations, remarked, " the evils of disinheritance occasioned more serious afflictions, than a slight glance of this unnatural vice at first discovers to the mind. Those persons who cherish expectations of property, to which they have a legal right, have generally high notions, and keep up an appearance beyond their means. They are educated in the finer feelings of sensibility, and possess the most liberal sentiments. How dreadful their disappointment, when the instrument of the law, in the palsied hand of inhumanity, separates the legal claim, and gives to a stranger what, from his ancestors, he only received as a trust, to deliver down to his lawful heirs! What curses must descend upon his tomb, by those exposed to the cold blast of the world—their children hurled into the perpetual shade of poverty; the derision of the unfeeling fool of for-

tune, is the common object of the jest of the brutal vulgar. Of what value is existence to the wretched parent, who daily beholds misery he cannot alleviate, and whose own wounds bleed, and they cannot be stanched. He will cry, in the bitterness of his soul, how much more happy is the son of toil; the circle of the day occupies all his attention, labour indurates his body, and he feels not the inclemency of the season; and if he have food, he enjoys the full fruction of happiness."

Mrs. Somerville and Juliet sobbed aloud: Mr. S. was melted, and he was forced to discontinue the subject.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Mr. Melliflower proposed to Edward, as the session of congress would be opened on the morrow, for them to go and hear the president's speech, which proposal was most agreeable to the latter, as he not only wished to hear General Washington speak, but minutely to observe a character who had founded a new empire, and whose fame had reached the remotest corner of Europe.

On the following morning they went to the senate chamber in the congress hall, where a vast concourse of distinguished foreigners and citizens were assembled; and in a short time the president delivered, or rather read, a most energetic and interesting speech: it contained a variety of topics that embraced both internal and external objects; the prosperity of the

national resources, and increasing wealth and grandeur of the union, formed a most impressive division of it. He lamented in feeling terms the perpetual discords of the powers of Europe, and the interruptions and aggressions the Belligerents occasioned to their commerce; he trusted that the Divine Mercy would defend their shores from the calamities of war, and preserve in peace and happiness the only asylum that now presented itself to bleeding humanity; and concluded, after adverting to local objects of minor importance, especially that of temper and moderation in debates, a most luminous, intelligent, and pathetic harangue.

His enunciation, though not powerful, was clear, musical, and dignified; and Edward observed to Mr. Melliflower, with the exception of his Britannic majesty, he had never heard so impressive a delivery.

The General was dressed in black velvet, and had his hair powdered; his countenance was pale, but manly; his head was small, and he had little twinkling eyes, with a long face, and something of a

Roman nose; he was muscular, though spare of habit, and seemed to be full six feet in height. His appearance was altogether graceful, majestic, and attracting: he seemed a pupil of the old school, and discovered as much of the gentleman as the most polished personage of the Old World.

Mr. Adams, the vice president, in his person did not elicit the shining qualities of his colleague, he had more of the plod, and less of the grace in his countenance.

When the speech was concluded the president returned in his carriage to his house in Market Street, and the licentious behaviour of the guard of soldiers, who received him there, gave Edward no favourable ideas of republicanism: some of them were as saucy and familiar in their discourse as he passed, as if he who had won their country and conquered the admiration of the world, had been a common corporal of their own body.

Mrs. Washington was sitting in the window, the sash was open. She had very little of majesty about her, or even

mind in her countenance. She was a short, fat, Dutch-built old woman, and looked more like a respectable shop-keeper's wife, than the consort of the saviour of the New World.

Edward could not help observing to Mr. Melliflower, how much wiser the plan of the American congress was to hold their debates by day light, than that of the British parliament, who held their councils when they ought to be asleep, the only legislature, with the exception of Areopagates, that ever sat up to deliberate by star light.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Mr. Melliflower, to extend the social converse of the evening, related some anecdotes of General Washington.

"He remarked his soul possessed but one current, and this was the copious flood of glory. His mind was strong but not brilliant, his heart was honest, pure, and spotless, but it was rigid, and not refreshed with the social affections. He valued his wife, he was attached to his yellow butler, and loved his white horse, which he was fond of riding when clad in his leopard skin: but though he had a number of acquaintances, they were attached to him by interest and not by the ardour of friendship.

"The soldiers loved him because he was brave, and had never deceived them; but, with all his magnanimity of mind, he was

assailed with the weaknesses of humanity, he loved praise and ostentation. Events produced him that wreath of immortal fame, which his wisdom and energy would never have conquered.

"He was not the friend of genius, for he never would patronize their labours. He was not generous, and if he felt for humanity, he never contributed to the public charities to support its distresses. In fact, he was a cool, cautious man, who was indebted more to fortune than any extraordinary human talents for his elevation. On any other theatre but the New World, General Washington, without distinction, would have descended unnoticed to his grave."

Mr. Melliflower related to Edward a singular anecdote of this wonderful man, which better delineates his character than volumes of what the public prints have said. "The American disputes with England, occasioned by agressions on their commerce, assumed that aspect of defiance, that it was expected by both parties, war would commence. The presi-

dent, who understood well the interests of his country, was convinced hostilities would prove destructive to its infant prosperity, and proposed to the congress, though its temper was at the highest pitch of inflammation against the mother country, to dispatch a messenger to England, and make one more pacific overture. From the weight alone of personal respect to the General, it was acceded to, and at the same time that he dispatched a message by his secretary Dandridge to the Congress, he wrote a letter to his correspondent at George Town, where he had a few hogsheads of tobacco, desiring him not to ship it by the vessel he had proposed, as he anticipated a war between England and the States, when that article would rise in value. Mr. Jay was dispatched to London, war was prevented, and he gained nothing by keeping his tobacco from market."

Thus, this great man, whilst he was determining in his mighty mind, the destinies of the world, could pause and cal-

culate the increased profits of the sale of half a dozen hogsheads of tobacco. General Forrest, who was a confidential acquaintance of the president, related the anecdote.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE friends next day, to vary their amusements, embarked in a packet boat for Burlington, which is only twenty miles from the city of Philadelphia. Edward, as the boat stemmed the current, wished it had been a vessel gliding down the Delaware towards the shores where Juliet dwelt, he began to be impatient. Love is an impetuous passion, and its pentup current almost overflowed his soul; but he loved Mr. Melliflower, and was grateful to him for his favours, and was therefore determined not to murmur until the time had elapsed he had promised to remain with him, and he often looked sad, which Mr. M. observed, although he said nothing.

As the wind was strong at the east, by

ten o'clock they arrived at the city. He found it a neat little place with good houses in it. The weeping willows gave it a beautiful rural appearance, but it was not so large as a moderate country town in England, its situation is low, and apparently unwholesome.

After they had surveyed the public buildings, which are not very splendid, they hired a horse and chaise to Borden Town. This town, if a few houses can constitute a town, stands on a fine eminence, and commands beautiful prospects of the River Delaware, which is here more than a mile wide, and the opposite shore of Pennsylvania. Colonel Kirkbright has a very pretty villa at the bottom of the river, who being an acquaintance of Mr. Melliflower's, kindly invited them to dine, which they declined, as they intended to take a boat, and amuse themselves in fishing all down the river to Philadelphia. After taking some refreshment with the Colonel, they hired a boat and trolling lines, and Edward

never before enjoyed such fishing sport. Their prey was salted eels, and they caught half a dozen large rock fish, and triumphantly returned with their prize to Philadelphia, where Mr. M. made presents of part of their fish.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Mr. Melliflower asked Edward on the following day, whether he should have any objection to make an excursion to Baltimore, as he had business of some importance to transact that required his presence. Edward cheerfully acquiesced, and the next day was fixed on for their departure.

Mr. M. said he should be busily employed in the counting-house all that day with his clerks, to prepare his accounts, and advised Edward to pass his time in attending to the debates in the Congress, as there were questions of importance to be deliberated.

Mr. Melliflower went to business, and Edward, as soon as the doors were opened, walked to Congress Hall. When he en-

tered, Mr. Madison was on his legs, and the question in debate related to the captures of their shipping by the British cruizers on the American coast. Edward perceived by the inflammatory language of the speaker, he was the decided enemy of Britain ; war, and all the horrors of Bellona crimsoned his dark invectives, like the red fires of the lightning which paints with terrific gleams the sable tempest. The hall of the members resembled the Roman letter D ; in the centre of the perpendicular line stood the speaker's chair, and the area of the circulinear line was filled with the members seats, leaving a space behind, in the centre of which was a door, through which the messages to the house arrived. There was a gallery for the hearers, and from this place Edward heard the debates. Mr. Madison was very near Edward, under the gallery, and he distinctly heard every word of his speech.

His voice was low and hoarse, disagreeably so ; his gestures very ungraceful, and confined to his right hand, which he

constantly twitched, shaking his shoulders and head.

He was a little yellow man, but rather muscular; he was brought up to the bar, a class of men that monopolize all the honors of America, and certainly was possessed of talent.

Mr. Giles followed on the same side. He was as much a Fabius in politics, as Washington was in the field; he was a slow deliberate orator, and had a happy penetration for discovering private characters: he traced out the amours and intrigues of Hamilton, and was the cause of his ejectment from the American cabinet.

Mr. Nicolas, another of the Virginian deputies spoke: he was an intemperate fiery spokesman, never attending to the arguments opposed to him, but declaiming in a studied uninterrupted course, his own prejudged opinions.

Mr. Ames, a member for Boston, opposed these gentlemen, but the manner of his delivery, though his speech abounded in solid matter, seemed more like the tale of a school boy learned by rote, than that

of the champion of eloquence, warmed with the noblest passion of the soul, the *amor patriæ*, and vindicating with vehement truth, the honor of his nation. After hearing some other members of inferior celebrity, Edward took a walk to the shores of the Delaware: the prayers he breathed to its floating waters are too sacred for language to repeat; and could Juliet have heard them, a thousand dewy witnesses from her overflowing heart, would, on the roses of her cheeks, have betrayed the happiness she felt.

He bid the breeze of the westward waft his tender complaints to her ear, but not to wound it with unkindness, but heal her disappointed heart with the pains of her anxious and faithful lover.

He felt that sick longing which the virtuous breast feels for his absent country; that complaint, termed notalgia by the physicians, but for which they can prescribe no remedies, which, when it breathes in the notes of the *rantz de vaches*, sinks into the soul of the faithful Swiss, and spreads the languor of death over his

heart, though in the voluptuous palace, crowned with the honors of kings. Edward, in his tender moments, would not have exchanged, for the Columbian world, the peaceful comforts he had experienced at Box Farm.

He sat upon the banks of the river, he watched its flowing waters, he sighed to the breeze that blew towards the ocean, and dropping a tear into the wave, the brightest gem that had ever chrystallised the brine, he returned with reluctant steps towards the city.

The kindness of Mr. Melliflower flashed upon his soul; gratitude wiped away his sorrows, and he rejoined his anxious friend with composure and apparent cheerfulness.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

In the morning the friends took their passage in the Newcastle packet, provided with elegant accommodations for passengers, and furnishing as good a table as the best tavern of a city.

In descending the river, Mr. M. pointed out to Edward Mud Fort, a strong fortress, about ten miles distant from the city, and which the British were unable to take during the contest; and Red Bank, where such a number of Hessians fell; also the town of Chester, where the captain landed to purchase some fowls: it is a small insignificant town, containing but a few good houses. They passed Dover, the capital of the state of Delaware: it is a large well brick-built town, but destitute of spires and stone public fabrics, those splendid ornaments of towns.

In the evening they arrived at Newcastle, another principal town of Delaware, and took lodgings for the night at M'Culloh's tavern. There are a number of good houses in the town, a court house, and a good brick church, with a burial ground, prettily planted with weeping willows; but, like most of the ecclesiastical buildings of America, it had more the appearance of a barn or warehouse, than a place of worship.

They walked to the upper end of the town, and with horror viewed Potter's Field, the burying ground of strangers; the unhonoured dead were washed by the rude waves, no wall or paling preserved this sanctuary of the exile, from the hoof of the grazing brute, or violation of the beast of the forest.

Edward could not refrain his tears. The broken heart of disappointed genius, the son of some distant mother, who then perhaps poured prayers to heaven for his supposed safety; and the wretched emigrant, who once smiled in the sun shine of fortune, and tasted all her bounties, now,

in this violated dust, on which no tear ever incensed, or sigh ever sanctified, mingles their ashes with the pauper of indolence, and victim of crime, nor will a friend or acquaintance ever trace out their wretched bourne.

Mr. M. seeing Edward affected, urged him to return, remarking, this negligence to the dead remains of the stranger, was to the disgrace of the Americans, but too common round their towns.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The next day they took a stage for French Town, intending to proceed from thence in the packet to Baltimore.

The state of Delaware appeared to be well cultivated, a number of hawthorn hedges beautified the champaign scenery; they passed some very pretty villages, and arrived, in a few hours, at French Town, where they immediately embarked.

There are not half a dozen houses in the town, and its size would not constitute a village in England, but if three houses stand together in America, it is dignified with the name of a town

As they passed down the river that flows into the Chesapeak, vast flights of swans, geese, and ducks, were at a distance floating on the water, particularly the canvas-back duck, which is esteemed the most delicious of the aquatic fowls.

The lands are very flat on the shores, and the trees in an extended view, appear to grow in the flood.

They arrived late at Baltimore, and went to the Indian Queen.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Mr. Melliflower the next morning waited upon his several correspondents, and Edward remained at his lodgings in converse with a number of agreeable gentlemen, some of whom were members of Congress from the southward, going to Philadelphia; as the party soon dispersed, Edward took a walk about the town, as he did not expect Mr. Melliflower's return until dinner time. Evans's, where he lodged, was in the middle of Market Street, and he ascended it to Howard Street, on the top of the town. The building, like those of all the cities of America, are elegant brick fabricks, in the most modern style, intermingled in the older built parts of the town with frame houses, which will soon be replaced with brick dwellings. The views of Baltimore from the top of the town are very

interesting, especially those of the point and shipping, and the river and bay.

When Edward returned, Mr. Melliflower had come in. Mr. M. remarked, he was doubtful his stay would be longer than he expected, but he flattered himself he should provide those amusements that the time would not hang heavy on his friend. Edward internally sighed, but the aspiration was not heard; they took an early dinner, and afterwards hired a hackney coach for the evening to view the city and neighbourhood. They went first to the Telegraph, where the signals of the homeward bound shipping are kept, from whence is viewed one of the most sublime landscapes the earth can produce. On one side is a beautiful view of the town and villas on its surrounding hills. On the other a level indefinite prospect of the Bay of Chesapeak, with its numerous sails and shores. With a good glass may be discovered objects seventy miles down the bay. They afterwards drove to the Fort, a strong place that commands the

passage of the Patapses or Baltimore River; they then returned round the basin or harbour of the city, where the coasters seem like a young forest of trees; and passing the wooden bridge of the river at the bottom of Market Street, rode down to the Point, a large suburb of the city, where the ship building yards are, and the large ships moor, which draw too much water to enter the basin, they afterwards ascended Chink-a-Pink Hill, from whence the views of the neighbourhood and city are very striking, and having wearied the horses, and their impatient driver, returned much gratified to the Indian Queen, and ordered their coffee, where they found cards to dine with General S———, at Montbello the next day.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Mr. Melliflower and his young friend passed part of the evening in commenting on the prospects they had seen on their ride. When, to continue their conversation, Mr. M. explained to Edward, the many fatal disorders which afflicted the regions of the New World, the most dreadful of which for virulence and fatal effects, was the yellow fever, a common disorder of the West Indies, but which never, till lately, had visited the United States.

"It is impossible, Mr. Wortley," repeated Mr. Melliflower, "to convey to you an adequate idea of the ravages of this dreadful epidemic; which lately destroyed some thousands of worthy citizens in the city of Philadelphia, and is yearly de-

vouring in other cities of the Union a large portion of its inhabitants; so sudden is its attack, and so rapid its destruction, that a well man in the morning shall be struck by its putrid blast, and be a corpse before night; its fearful approach dissolves every tender tie of nature. The child flies from its sick parent, and the parent in health abandons his disordered child.

"The physician shows himself with that fearful caution, that he affrights the patient more than his disease, and the house of the afflicted might be said to be desolate.

"Whole families have been swept off in a few days, and their property become the prey of the unterrified villain. The negro is the only nurse, and should a white person of desperate fortune undertake this perilous office, whilst his patient dies, he suddenly enjoys an independent fortune. So novel was this destroyer of man on its first appearance, that the doctors, by the wrong treatment

of bleeding the diseased, sent thousands off to their untimely bourne.

"It is now much better understood and treated, and those who can purchase the costly antiseptics of wine and brandy, generally survive.

"It is a distressing retrospect to think of the throngs of fatherless children, widows, and widowers, that survived the last visitation of that human plague, and who, whilst life remains, are melancholy and suffering witnesses of the sorrows it occasioned. The intermittent fever which carries off numbers of persons, is a regular autumnal visitant of the Low Lands. The sudden heats and colds of the climate produce likewise very fatal pleurisies, and so does the dysentery among the country people, whose diet generally consists of salted provisions. The other distempers are similar to those of Europe.

"It is a well attested fact, that whilst the Northern States double their population every fifteen years, the Southern

ones do not keep their sum good, and were it not for the numerous emigrations from Europe and the other States, the maritime counties would become in time depopulated."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The next day Mr. Melliflower took a hackney coach, and himself and friend drove to the General's.

When they arrived, they met a brilliant assemblage of company, which caused a large sum of bows and salutations.

The General's villa was built in the Italian style, the front invested with a light but elegant colonnade; the plantations round it were filled with cypress and cedar trees, which, contrasted with the white building, gave the *coup d'œil* a most pleasing effect.

Edward having expressed his admiration of the pleasantness of the situation, the General, after apologising to the ladies, led the gentlemen into the lawn, and pointed out to them the various prospects of the surrounding country. The scenery

of the bay, whose blue smooth waters were only bounded by the distant horizon, was extremaly sublime; the town, ungifted with many spires, had not so pleasing an appearance as when nearer viewed; it looked like innumerable stacks of bricks with brown coverings, the colour of the shingles with which they mostly roof their houses. The General also pointed out to Edward and his friend the various country seats: that of Mr. Delaney's had a very fine appearance; the gardens are laid out in the French style, and the house is a modern-built elegant structure: Belmont, the seat of Mr. Archibald Campbell, a banker of the city, had a very fantastic, rural appearance; upon Edward's admiring it, the General said, it had been erected by the late French consul, who had removed to Kentucky; and added, he expected Mr. Campbell's company. Several others were also remarked, whose situations were commanding.

They were returning towards the house, when a little fat fellow, who was a brewer, in company, peevishly observed to Edward,

the General, in his observations, had overlooked his seat, whose situation was the pleasantest of any round the city, and requested him to accompany him a few yards, and he would show it him. Edward, with his usual politeness, followed the egotist a little distance from the company, when lifting his cane, he pointed it to the spot, where a very pretty house peeped through the green forest, and then, swelling out his cheeks, and resting his walking assistant in a perpendicular posture upon the ground, he assured him he was the only man in the States who understood the culture of the vine, and the inoculation of fruit trees, and, would he and Mr. Melliflower condescend to honor him with their company another day, he would show them as fine grape trees as any that grew in France, and extensive plantations and nurseries of every species of fruit trees.

The General beckoning to them, they immediately rejoined him, and re-entered the house, when dinner was immediately served up.

The table furnished a banquet fit for the gods: with fish, flesh, fowl, and pastry of the most exquisite sorts, the desert exhibited all the luscious stores the tropics could afford; pine-apples, oranges, citrons, marmalades of green ginger, and every species of fruit, and wines of almost every vintage.

Edward perceived that an alderman's appetite is not the exclusive privilege of the London charter: the jolly brewer, whose carcase resembled a barrel churn, and a Captain H——, in their sacrifices to the hungry god, would have made the Southgate civic magistrate have blushed.

Society, in the best circles of America, is much improved by the addition of the ladies' company till tea, who generally take two or three glasses of Madeira, and increase the spirit of the party by their share in the conversation. This necessary innovation in human manners produces another agreeable effect; their company is a restraint upon the licentiousness of the gentlemen, and prevents their taking an excess of liquor; though the American

table, much to their honor, is always free and easy, and when confined to gentlemen, none are compelled to take more wine than is agreeable to them. It would be happy if the Europeans adopted this sober custom of their Transatlantic brethren.

After the wine had been introduced, a very smart dialogue commenced between a Miss S., the General's relation, and the little fat brewer. The subject was the French Revolution, on which side the lady had arranged herself: her opponent deprecated it as a civil calamity; and though the arguments appeared to be in his favour, yet such was the strength of the fair orator's lungs, and the vehemence of her declamation, that she soon hurled the dealer in malt and hops, as the syllogists say, into Lock's Ditch, from whence he attempted to rally with facetious effusions, which proved as flat and inefficient as the the whites on stale beer, drawn from an almost exhausted barrel. The brewer drowned his defeat in a potion of Madeira, and as he had often experienced the flip-

pant overthrows of this lady, will perhaps become more cautious in again beginning the *argumentum ad fæminam.*

Mr. C., a banker, who had joined the party the last, in a low tone whispered to Edward what he thought of the powers of the trumpet lady; he added, "he was certain she had brazen lungs, for she out-talked every orator in the Union." He then asked Edward to bring his friend with him to Gay Street, where he should be happy to welcome them.

Mr. Melliflower and Edward, when coffee was announced, retired with the ladies into the drawing room, and soon after bid a respectful adieu to the fair belles, and returned to the city.

CHAPTER XL.

Whilst Mr. Melliflower was engaged in business, Edward called on the banker's in Gay Street: though he had seen this worthy Scotchman but the day before, he conceived a strong attachment to him; he possessed that prepossessing sincerity of manners, that the stranger who felt his own virtue, waited not to enter through the tedious vestibule of ceremony, but, like the magnet and the steel, rushed instantly into the intimacy of his soul. Mr. C.'s brother was a major-general in his Britannic Majesty's service, and though he had been many years in the New World, lost nothing of the polish and urbanity of the Europeans. Edward's welcome was as familiar as if they had been acquainted some years. He was introduced to Mrs. C. a well-

bred American lady, and her family. Colonel ——, one of those important plagues, who believe nothing is like old times, either the size of the vegetables, or the qualities of men; and who, when he intrudes himself upon his relations, thinks they ought to be obliged to him for his ill-humours, in consideration of the wealth he hath in his power to give to them, that is, when it is of no further use to himself. And to a Miss ——, a buxom florid piece of animal spirits, in the shape of a good-natured young woman, at the close of her teens. She gazed Edward almost out of countenance, and by accident or design, contrived her chair to be very near his. It is not yet understood by craneologists, physiologists, physiognomists, geologists, or all the ologists in the world, what is that attraction in an Englishman, that with the ladies of all countries, he is a universal favourite, who prefer him to every other species of the male creation.

Edward had not been in the room half an hour, before the young Transatlantic belle besieged him so closely with her

marked attentions, that he felt as uneasy as Sancho Panza when tossed in the blanket, and he heartily wished himself out of the sphere of her troublesome attraction.

The genius of Juliet, or the spirit of peace, introduced into the room at that instant some foreign gentlemen, when the ladies retired, and released Edward from his trials. Among the strangers was a Mr. P——, from South Carolina, a person of great estate, which he chiefly spent in France, from whence he was just returned; he was quite a Parisian *petit maitre*, and seemed to attach more importance to the grace of his bow, than the intelligence of his mind; his companions were emigrants, which the violence of party had driven from their country; and, like all Frenchman, schooled in the world, and their conversation exhibited the talents of experience and sound wisdom.

When they had retired, Mr. C. insisted Edward should share his family

dinner; so prompt was the solicitation, he could not refuse, but he first dispatched a note to the Indian Queen, to apologize to Mr. Melliflower, should he return to dinner.

Edward was placed at the left hand of Mrs. C., her rosy niece on the right. Hospitable as was the good lady of the house at her table, the reinforcement at her elbow was incessant, in her adjutant capacity of compelling Edward to partake of every dish. Negatives were of no avail, he must have some let it be ever so little a bit. Edward endured as much from the lady's persecuting kindness as the Kamsckatkan, who to prove his gratitude for his friend's hospitality, is compelled to eat himself to death.

Mrs. C. informed Edward, her daughter had invited a party of young friends that afternoon, and she hoped he would not refuse her first request, which was, he would oblige them with his company the whole of the evening. Edward could

not refuse a lady's favor, and complied. Mr. C. and the old Colonel seemed gratified at his politeness, and the niece smiled bright as the silver star of evening, when rising from the vapours of the horizon.

CHAPTER XLI.

The Lilliput society began to assemble about five o'clock, and instead of showing the sprightly inconsistencies of childhood, they appeared invested with all the decorum of the drawing-room. The young gentlemen paid their compliments to the little misses with all the dignity of court behaviour, and the young ladies returned their compliments with as much coquetry as the maids of honor of a queen. It was amusing to Edward, to observe the *politesse* of the little *beau monde*, and he applauded the novel custom, which early initiated them in the manners of the world, which, when they entered, they appeared there without the embarrassment and timidity of the young Europeans, who are immured in the nursery and the school till the period of their introduction into the society of men and

women. Little Miss C. presided at one table, and a young friend at another, over the tea equipage, assisted by the house-keeper and attended by a couple of foot-men. Mrs. C., her niece, and Edward, were introduced into the party.

When the tables were removed, the the ball opened. Edward was compelled to dance with his buxom persecutrix, who being dressed in the most elegant style, appeared the Diana of the company. Terpsichores merry revels continued until midnight, when the party retired, driving off in their carriages with as much formality and etiquette as the breaking up of one of the most fashionable routs in the metropolis of England.

Edward was compelled to remain, and take a few oysters and a glass of Madeira with Mr. C. When he took his leave, pressed with solicitations to renew his visits whilst he remained at Baltimore, *sans ceremonie.*

CHAPTER XLII.

Whilst Mr. Melliflower in his commercial concerns still continued occupied, Edward the next morning took a walk up the Patapses, and rambled to Colonel Howard's Park, which is only an enclosed parcel of poor land, thickly set with trees, but without deer; the house, which is not finished, is a modern genteel structure, but the plantations round it bespeak nothing of taste; the views from it are very beautiful. From thence he crossed the Patapses, which resembles more a brook than a river, and went to the Point, which is the Wapping of Baltimore, at the extreme end of which, is Canton, a seat of Colonel O'Donnel, a native of Ireland, and who had been in the British service in India, where he had amassed a large fortune. The house, though in a

commanding situation, discovers no plan of architecture in its construction, and seems deserted and dilapidating. The plantations, on which large sums must have been expended, as the trees were the choicest of the American flowery tribes, breathed their fragrance over a wilderness of weeds. This gentleman had erected many mansions, and seldom inhabited or completed any. He had lately built one in the Barrens, a few miles from the city, and named it *Never-die*, a pompous sound, whose vanity the king of terrors, when he marks his victim, will despise.

Edward returned by water to the town, and joined Mr. Melliflower in time for dinner. The meeting produced mutual feelings of delight: Mr. M. in the word *business* included the causes of his absence for the last two days; but he wished to know of Edward, now he was at leisure, how he had passed his time. Edward good-humouredly related his adventures in Gay Street, but not confining it to a mere detail of events, he gave his own ideas and feelings upon them. Mr.

M. informed Edward "Miss ——, the banker's niece, is the greatest fortune in America, and of one of the principal families of the state of ——, of whose senate her father is president, and that her uncle was one of the worthiest men of the city of Baltimore. I perceive by what you have related, she is flying into your toils, and you have only to repeat a monosyllable, and a coach and four, and a seat in Congress, are ready for your acceptance." Edward sighed, and cried in pity, "Mr. Melliflower, spare your raillery; my choice is unalterably fixed; and she who possesses my heart shall never be robbed of it." Mr. M. was much affected, took his hand and pressed it, but said nothing.

His eye beamed on Edward the remainder of the evening looks of benignity and friendship, more eloquent than words could have expressed, and he contemplated in silence the perspective of future days, when arrived in England, he, in the company of the amiable youth and his niece, should enjoy his full fruition of earthly happiness.

He sprung from his delightful reverie, and smiling, asked Edward "how he liked the American ladies?" He replied, "there are certainly fine women in America, but they are deficient in that fine polish, that delicacy of feeling in their address, that refinement of sensibility, and bewitching *je ne sais quoi*, that distinguish the softer sex of Europe." Mr. M. coincided with his opinion, and added, "as we are friends, and I ardently hope friends for life, and as the sincerity of friendship hides no secret, he should reveal to him that afternoon the history of his life, which was yet unknown to every other human being of the New World.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Mr. Melliflower said, "he was the only son of a respectable farmer in the county of Salop, and his sister, who is many years younger than himself, had married Mr. Somerville. In his twenty-second year, he formed an attachment with a neighbouring farmer's daughter, which was ripened into the fondest affection by an acquaintance of a few years; the time of their nuptials, with the mutual consent of both their parents, was fixed on, and he looked upon the future prospect as abounding with a long period of happiness and independence.

"The small-pox, that terrible ravager of the palace and the cottage, made its ghastly appearance in the neighbourhood; his Ellen," he said, "caught the infection, and died on the ninth day of her illness;

he never quitted her father's house from her first attack of the disorder till her life, and with it his happiness, had vanished.

"For some time he laboured under the delirium of a high fever, and his reason seemed to have been overturned; but the strength of his constitution baffled the disorder, and he recovered, but to be miserable.

"His father dying at this period, he sold off the stock of the farm, and divided the amount of it with his only sister, and resolved to embark for the New World, to strive if he could find there that shadow of happiness, which had eluded his hopes in his native regions. But first he had placed a stone upon his Ellen's grave, with this inscription:

"To ELLEN, sleeping beneath this turf, the last gift she can receive from her disconsolate friend, William Melliflower."

"He then, after passing the night upon

her tomb, departed the next morning for Bristol, where he took his passage in a ship, ready to sail for Philadelphia.

"The invigorating breezes of the ocean, and the multitude of new objects, with which a sea voyage surprises the mind, abated in some degree, the lacerating grief of his heart. The passage was a very pleasant one, as the wind continued in the east all the way over the Atlantic. A merchant, a passenger in the ship, who had noticed his melancholy, and the sobriety of his manners, for sorrow is the best regulator of the passions, would frequently converse with him; and when they had nearly approached the American coast, asked him if he had any intention of settling in the country. He replied in the affirmative. He then demanded if he had any knowledge of accounts; he informed him 'he knew the rule of three and practice, and could write a tolerable hand.' He then smiled, and asked, 'if he should have any objection to a clerk's situation, as he wanted a young man in

his counting-house;' he answered modestly, 'he was afraid he was not qualified for the task;'—'Then I will instruct you, my young friend,' says he in the most good-humoured tone benevolence could utter; 'you shall live with me, and shall not repent of my protection.' This was such an unexpected stroke of good fortune to an adventurer, who was seeking a coast where he was unconscious of finding a friend, that Mr. Melliflower could not restrain his tears, but he thanked, in the best manner he was capable, his benefactor. He seemed more affected with the simplicity of his grateful feelings, than if he had repaid his goodness with the most studied phrases. He shook him by the hand, and retired to hide his own agitation.

"It is impossible, my dear friend," adds Mr. Melliflower, "for me to paint to you, in their proper brilliancy, the virtues of my benefactor. His sympathising breast blended the affections of a parent, with the purest ardours of

friendship. His confidence in me was unlimited, and I never abused the trust; his kindness wiped away my sorrows, and I became again a happy man. Never, whilst life throbs in my veins, shall I ever forget my patron.

" He was an Englishman by birth, had been defrauded by an unjust relation of his succession to an extensive property, and with the small sum he was possessed of, he embarked for America, and arrived there previous to the revolution.

" He loved the country of his forefathers, but considered her conduct to the colonies unjust and impolitic, and during the contest, he remained neuter: by his industry he acquired a large fortune, and at the close of the revolution, invested it in lands contiguous to the city of Philadelphia, which trebled his property in a few years.

" His business he had resigned to me, not merely the shadow to speculate on, and ruin myself, but he left a considerable sum as solid substance in the concern,

which he generously presented to me. Poor man, like the generous Howard, he fell a victim to his humanity in administering medicines to the sick of the yellow fever, and he quitted this mortal life, honoured with the respect of the living, to enjoy immortality in the presence of his God.

"Though he had so considerably assisted me in his life time, he left me a considerable legacy at his death, which I would not accept, but bestowed it upon his wife's relations.

"Through perseverance and good fortune, I have acquired wealth enough to satisfy avarice, and when I have wound up my concern, and converted my property into specie, I shall return and spend the evening of my days with ——." Here he was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. C. A bottle of Madeira was then ordered, but Mr. C. said he had come out like a knight errant from some distressed damsels, who wanted their company at an assembly.

Apologies were useless, and the party set out immediately for Gay Street; and when they returned they found cards from General S. to dine with Mr. Jefferson, at his house in town, on the morrow.

CHAPTER XLIV.

EDWARD rejoiced in this opportunity of being introduced to the distinguished author of the notices of Virginia, and of the leading partisans of the revolution: and as soon as etiquette permitted them, they issued for the General's, who, with much politeness, presented them to Mr. J.

He was a tall, athletic, raw boned man, with Danish locks: the autumn of age had began its ravages upon his forehead, but his eye sparkled with the brilliancy of intelligence and humanity, and a kind of conscious authority sat upon his brow. With that complacency that marks the dignified character, and man of the world, he entered immediately into familiar conversation. His first topics were respecting the European improvements in agriculture, their manners, and their frequent wars. He then adverted to the improve-

ments of the New World and its future grandeur.

Edward was quite charmed; every sentiment he uttered, which was in the most polished language, marked the depth of his wisdom, and his profound knowledge of man and nature. In speaking of the climate of the New World, he said it ameliorated every year, and he had no doubt, but that the United States, which were situated in the same parallels of France, Portugal, Italy, and Spain, the fairest regions of the Old World, would one day enjoy the same serenity of climate. He said when he was a young man, the warm sea breezes blew but a little way up into the country, but from the clearing of the lands, they gradually extended themselves, and the winters were become milder. And he remarked to Edward, from the same causes your seasons are more fickle and rigorous, ours improve.

In the time of Doctor Halley, he noticed the westerly winds to blow nine months on the English coast; they are not now

so prevalent as those from the east; whilst, from the cutting down of the Transatlantic forests, the snows of winter are melted, the bosom of the earth becomes warmed, and the rarified air makes a vacuum for the genial winds of the ocean to rush in and supply the exhausted element.

Edward observed the salubrity and heat of the English climate had much abated from the discontinuance of the westerly winds, and that the immense frozen Peninsula of West Greenland, occasioned those cold north westerly showers of rain and hail, so fatal in the spring to the gardens and orchards of England, which the ocean winds formerly balanced, but now, by the laws of nature, issued forth to supply the exhausted air in the southern regions of Europe.

The conversation was here interrupted by the announcement of dinner.

CHAPTER XLV.

Edward observed in the group of the ladies, the redoubtable female orator, whom he had seen at Montibello: and whilst he was anticipating another display of her sonorous abilities, he reflected what a formidable *cara sposa* this amazon would make, who, like the British Boadicea, would shiver the feeble arms of Cupid, and brandish the sword of Mars, and abuse the " curtained sleep," and tender hours yielded by the sable night, sacred to the Paphian queen, with sieges, battles, and vexing politics, sad drumming plagues to a poor sleepy husband. But Edward was disappointed; this star of wisdom that late so brightly sparkled, lost her feeble splendor in the comet's superior lustre.

Mr. Jefferson was considered the oracle of his country's politics, and the lady

wisely remained silent, as an automaton in his presence.

In the conversation of the afternoon, Edward was pleased with the luminous observations, in literature and the classics, of the American constellation; they flowed natural, without ostentation; it was not the pride of the scholar, but the subject demanded these fine elicitations of genius.

This gentleman is considered the best read man of the United States, and his learning is dignified by an habitual modesty and complacency of manners.

Edward and his friend received from him pressing invitations, if they should go to Virginia, to call at Monticello.

CHAPTER XLVI.

EDWARD was fascinated with the liberal manners of the gentlemen of Baltimore, which so much resembled those of his own country. Mr. Melliflower observed, hospitality was the titular God of the Pennates of the southward, which seemed to increase with the ardour of the sun.

Whilst Mr. Melliflower was engaged in business in the city, Edward remained loitering in his lodgings, when shortly a letter was put into his hand, the superscription of which was in a female style; upon opening it, he perceived it was from the sprightly belle in Gay Street, whose contents were nearly as follows:—

Her pathetic and amorous preface was, that she adored him. The substance of the *billet-doux* was, she possessed a large independent fortune, was the only daugh-

ter of the president of the senate of the state of ———, that she was certain of her father's consent to a prudent match, and that her hand, her heart, and fortune, were at his disposal. Edward perceived himself fallen into a sad dilemma, and was resolved to return by the same means, his peremptory refusal, that a hope should not be excited, which he knew could never be realised. He was sensible of the immense wealth of the fair American, but his affections were fixed, and the treasures of the Lydian monarch could never seduce them. He formed within himself, the resolution to absent himself totally, whilst he remained in Baltimore, from Gay Street. But whilst men are making resolutions, there is some spirit of contradiction, creating incidents to dissolve them; and, in a short time, Mr. Melliflower came into the parlour with two cards, a servant in livery had just given Mr. Evans, the landlord, from the banker, to join a party of distinguished characters at his house that evening. Mr. Melliflower said, he had returned

answers of acceptation. Edward looked grave, and requested Mr. M. to inform him when he should leave Baltimore. "I think," replied he, "I shall finish my business in a fortnight; but why do you ask the question, my dear friend?"—"Because, I am heartily sick of dissipation," answered Edward.—"And so am I," said Mr. Melliflower; "but these intrusions upon our private happiness, as they are intended as respects to us, we must patiently submit to." Edward sighed, and Mr. Melliflower went out again upon business, saying, he should return by dinner time.

Edward agitated by his late adventure, took out the tender epistle from his pocket, and perused it again several times. He rang for half a dozen sheets of writing paper, which he spoiled before he could frame an answer to his mind, and was obliged to procure a fresh stock of this posting mischief.

After another essay had been produced, he fancied the contents conveyed all that could be said on so delicate a subject, and

having folded it sent it by the waiter. As curiosity is one of the most uncontrollable affections of the human heart, and is in various degrees diffused through all the rational species, whether ignorant or wise, the reader shall be gratified with the contents.

Baltimore.

"MADAM,

"The note I have had the honor to receive from you, commands both my gratitude and respect, and I should conceive myself unworthy of such sentiments, were I so uncandid as to conceal from you the situation of my heart. I am, dear Madam, the unalterable slave of another's affections, to whom I pledged my vows before I was by accident compelled to quit England. These are the honourable motives which force me, and I hope you will not consider them unjust, to decline an offer that would flatter any

other gentleman, whatever his dignity or station in the Union.

"With the most unfeigned respect,

"I am, Madam,

"Your most obliged,

"and grateful servant,

"EDWARD WORTLEY."

CHAPTER XLVII.

WHEN Edward had despatched his note, and thought, and re-thought, how well he had got out of his scrape, as he naturally concluded, from the delicacy of woman, her pride would restrain all further advances; to restore his composure, he resolved to take a stroll up the rocky shores of the Patapses, whose retired valley had often invited his meditations. He had several times met in this seclusion a young gentleman of a most melancholy aspect, whose frigid and absorbed manner seemed to shun all converse, and society with his fellow men.

Edward had several times, with the most benignant looks, invited salutation and familiarity, which only extorted the formal bend of his head, as he hurried by him; that morning he beheld him under the shade of an evergreen, which

drooped into the stream, reading a letter he held in his hand, with agitation that showed its contents were rather pleasing than disagreeable. Edward increased his pace, and soon reached the spot, near where he stood; the tears, in countless drops, were coursing each other down his faded cheeks, and he clasped his hands in unutterable fervor of feeling. Edward rushed towards him through the bushes, and cries, "Good God! are you ill, Sir?" At this question he started, and cast upon Edward as fine a pair of blue eyes as ever Nature placed for a portal to the soul, and in a disturbed manner, bid him good morning; Edward felt, in the sound of his voice, an electric pleasure, which diffused itself, in involuntary sympathies, over his whole frame; his hand, as if from its own impulse, grasped that of the stranger! It was the first sound he had ever heard from his lips; he returned Edward's tender compression, and brushing with his handkerchief the intruding tear of sensibility from his eye, addressed Edward in the following words:—

"I have reasons to believe, both from your appearance and deportment, that, like myself, you are an alien to the New World, and I am also convinced, my strange and reserved behaviour to your friendly salutations, when we met, must have impressed you with an idea that I was a misanthrope. But, Sir, when I have revealed to you my strange eventful history, which, if you will pardon an ungrateful, self-exiled being, and accompany me up the Falls, you shall immediately hear, you will then think otherwise." Edward again pressed his hand, and thanked him, and the stranger taking him by the arm, began:—

"I am," said Mr. Macdonald, "the eldest, and now only son of a Scotch laird of the highlands, a being whose poverty is as sterile as the mountains he inhabits, and as chill as the blast that blows over them, but whose rarified pride would fill an atmospheric sphere large as the sun's.

"His domain consisted of a few hundred acres of heath and rocky eminences, on which were scattered a few highland

cottages, and where famished a flock of shabby sheep, and a herd of small black cattle, lean as the kine of Pharaoh, that prognosticated the long famine in Egypt. His mansion was an old delapidated castle, antiquate as King Fergus, from whose loins collaterally my father boasted he had sprung; only one tower, covered with ivy, of this ancient ruin, was habitable; and this, for want of repair, the wind and the snow, the rain and the hail, fit companions for my unsocial father, frequently intruded. The furniture, which, had it been exhibited for sale by one of the celebrated hammers of the metropolis, would have excited more risibility in the rational, than all the grotesque shows of Bartholomew fair, though the *virtuosi* might have purchased it, as they do rusty swords, and cankered pot-lids, which they mistake for Scipio's or Eneas's shield and buckler, at extravagant prices; it consisted of an amazing clumsy oak chair, which my father said was once the honored throne of the good King Fergus: and this was his own proud seat when he harangued

his lank tribe of clansmen; he had half a dozen uncouth chairs beside; in this cold, and almost unroofed, hall of audience, three or four sets of old armour were ranged against the green damp wall, and a huge spear with which one of his ancestors had driven back Galgacus, the Roman general, from the Grampians; a few cedar beds, and old-fashioned bedsteads, with some rotten remnants of tapestry, completed the moveables of the best rooms.

"The kitchen, which a glimmering fire in winter scarcely warmed, boasted, with the exception of an enormous chimney, no better utensils than what the cottage could furnish.

"His household establishment consisted of a shepherd, who included the duties of game-keeper, farmer, gardener, and justice's clerk (for my father was in the commission of the peace, which produced him the best part of his revenue), and he had the perquisites of all the dead sheep whose thread had been untimely cut by the Fates; a boy, a menial of all work, who picked up the game my father shot.

greased his shoes, brushed and beat his plaid, which, like the children of Israel's clothes in the desart, had miraculously preserved itself without hole or tatter full forty years; and when my father was in an ill-humour, was the passive post for him to dissipate the bile, with his violent muscular whip exercise; but at those periods, which frequently happened when he had no money, he compassionately divested himself of his variegated dress. His old housekeeper, who was both cook, scullion, chambermaid, dairywoman, and nurse, completed his domestic establishment.

"When my mother and only brother died, which was in my twelfth year, I was sent for by her brother, who was a merchant in Aberdeen, and placed, at his expense, under the care of the celebrated Beatty; this good man, pleased with the quickness of my apprehension, took great pains to forward my studies; my uncle, after I had acquired a thorough knowledge of the classics and polite literature, urged my father to permit him to put me an appren-

tice to a business; my father was offended at the meanness of his proposal, so debasing to the heir of a Highland Laird, to stain his blood with servitude. He tauntingly replied to him, his connections were the most splendid of any family in Scotland, and he had the strongest assurances from Lord ———, a nobleman of the greatest influence in the cabinet, of the speedy presentation to his son of a pair of colors; and you very well know, Jamie Moncrieff, the Macs fill almost the whole list of the British generals. What an unfortunate pride is that of dependence! what a fatal delusion in parents! A trade is an estate to an industrious man; and if he be successful and raise an independence, he can wear his family honours when he please, and without a blush; but how pitiable are those children of gentlemen of small property, who, though they possess education, without it is attached to a profession or some active business, are but regretted as useless beings in society, ungifted with any interest for it.

"These sensible victims in the deepest

shade of poverty, have to bewail their parents' folly, and behold men with not half their talents, who by their prudent friends, were educated usefully, enjoying the gifts of fortune and the praises of men.

"My uncle was irritated beyond reconciliation at my father's illiberal sarcastic letter. He sent for me from the college: on my entrance into his presence I beheld a frown upon his countenance, that bore no good augury to me. I almost trembled, when he completed my terrors with these laconic words. 'Your father, as poor as a beggar, but with the pride of a king, has grossly insulted me. His lords and dukes, of which he knows no more than his old chair of the ancient Fergus, intends making you a general. I shall not detain you in Aberdeen against your father's consent. I intended to have provided for you, but that cursed pride of family, the common plague of all the Macs, has divided my affection. Go to your old castle, here are five guineas to carry you home.'

"I burst into tears, he was affected, he drew ten guineas more from his purse and left the room, repeating 'depart by to-morrow's coach.'

"I shuddered at my situation, and I retired in strong agitation to the college. Doctor Beatty perceiving me affected, drew me aside, and demanded in the most anxious manner, the cause of my grief, which I candidly explained to him: he bid me be comforted, said there was no alternative, as it was my duty to obey my father, to whom he said by me he would address a letter informing him of my talents and good behaviour.

"This benevolent man insisted upon my spending the evening with him, which greatly gratified me; and on the morrow I only took the coach for one stage, resolving to save my money and walk home.

"When Aberdeen last disappeared from my sight, a foreboding sigh burst from my breast as the ominous sign that happiness had departed from me for ever.

"When I had reached within four miles of my father's castle, shivering with the

reflection of the dreary prospect I was going to endure, and my heart as I trod the stony path of the mountain, cold and comfortless, I beheld at a short distance a young gentleman and a young lady in a green riding habit, slowly pacing their horses down the hill; as they passed me I was struck with her sylphed figure, and though veiled, the lustre of her countenance beamed through the snowy covering, like Cynthia through a silver cloud. I felt as I gazed something shoot through my heart. I was rivetted to the spot as if Circe's incantations had surprised me, and with a pleasure and pain indiscribable, watched her fleeting figure.

"What was my agony, when I instantly beheld her thrown from the startling animal she rode, upon the granite rocks.

"She screamed, I flew, and before her attendant could descend from his horse, I had lifted her lifeless form in my arms. The blood ran copiously from the wound in her forehead, and my heart bled as purple a tide. I threw off my hat and beseeched the young gentleman to run and

fill it with water from the stream by the side of the road; I took off her veil and she was still insensible, but I fancied her bosom beat against mine. I washed off the blood and bound it with my neck-cloth: she sighed deeply, and in a few moments opened her eyes, two such orbs as the god of love selected from the Grecian queens to wound the son of Priam, and destroy the Trojan empire: she blushed, and the crimsoned shower of darts entered my painful bosom, inflicting a thousand wounds, and begging me to release her as she now was quite recovered.

" When she perceived my head bare, and hat full of water, she sighed and cast such a look of grateful softness into my soul, that I blessed a thousand times the chance that brought her to my view.

" I enquired if her wound pained her: she then perceived what I had done with my neck-cloth, and pulled her white handkerchief from her pocket, and bid me wear it, lest I should take cold, and that she

would get the other washed as soon as she reached her home, and send it to me if I would inform her of my address, and then curtseying, whilst another crimson cloud shot over her lovely countenance, wished me good morning, and bid her brother fetch her horse, which was grazing at a small distance. I flew after the animal, assisted her on the saddle, and putting my little bundle under my arm, and holding the horse's bridle, entreated her to permit me to conduct her home. She thanked me, nor said no; and her brother leading the way I followed, and often stole a gaze which saints might covet, and when I cautioned her as the road was rough and stony to hold fast, she repaid me with a smile that would bankrupt the mines of Asia to purchase.

"In about half an hour, I wished the precious time had lingered all the day, we arrived at her father's house, whom I found had been an East India captain, and had acquired an immense fortune, and by the display of it in a magnificent house and

numerous purchases of cultivated farms, had clouded with envy, hatred, and malice, all the petty lairds of the Highlands.

"In his rough manner he expressed great uneasiness for his daughter's accident, and thanked me kindly for my timely assistance.

"He dispatched a servant to the nearest town for a surgeon, though his daughter told him she felt no inconvenience or pain from the wound.

"'Shiver my timbers, Moggy,' replied he, 'I am not to be put off so. When our ship springs a leak, let it be ever so small a one, we make the carpenter overhaul it.'

"Mr. Fomentation arrived, examined the incision made by the edge of the rock, declared there was no fracture, and after having dressed it, said it would be well in a short time.

"'By Old Neptune, then,' cried the captain, 'you deserve a can of grog,' and ordering a jug of spring water, pulled out of the cellaret a bottle of old rum, and having made three glasses, gave one to

me, a recruit which I stood much in need of, and presenting another to the surgeon, reserved the other potation to himself, drinking heartily to our healths.

"I was c mpelled to stay dinner, and already became initiated as a friend in the family, and when I took my leave, the old captain bid me welcome to his port at any time the breeze served me.

"As I wandered towards the ruthless inhospitable ruin of my father, I could not but contrast it with the comforts of the one I had just left. My soul was chilled with sadness, for no Moggy was there to smile through its gloom.

"My heart beat violently with fatal presages as I passed the old drawbridge, nor did its perturbations cease when I entered the presence of my father, who, though he had not seen me for more than seven years, expressed no emotion of joy, but surlily remarked 'so you are returned?'

"He had been reading a letter which lay upon the table that rendered him peevish; it was from Lord ———, his good friend in the administration, which

blasted at once his hopes of his son's prosperity, by saying, as peace was shortly expected, the army would be reduced, and it would not be in his power to serve him in that department, but something of another nature probably might turn out.

"When I had perused the letter I laid it down, and ejaculated to myself, 'what a curse is dependence.' He then spoke to me; 'so David you see nothing is to be done in the army. I have some noble friends at Edinburgh in the law department, which would better suit your college education. I shall write to some of them immediately.

"I replied 'I can't bear the profession.' —'You can't bear the profession?' repeated he with a look of threatening terror, that the iron king could not have assumed, 'you must bear it. Men, fool, are not made for places, but places made for men. Look at Sawney X. Sawney Q. at the head of their profession, though they went from their native hills as bare breeched as yourself.'

"I perceived my father's determination

and was silent. I was now asked to eat, the old house-keeper brought me a bowl of milk and some oat cake, which when I had swallowed, I went rambling among the rocks that bordered the Lock that laved the base of our ancient castle.

"The star of evening was approaching the horizon. I pulled the handkerchief of Moggy Thornton from my neck, and placed it inside my waistcoat next my heart: the amulet proved successful, a thousand pleasurable sensations throbbed it. I forgot my unkind father, and overlooked my unkinder destiny: I thought only of Moggy and her sparkling eyes, and wandered in the delightful intoxication of fancied happiness till the lucid vesper had bathed her silver brightness in the blue distant waters of the Loch. I then started from my dream and returned to the dismal ivied castle, where I was scolded by the beldame house-keeper for keeping her up, as her laird was gone to sleep.

"I retired without replying to my dormitory, in the north east angle of the old tower, where the sullen Hyperborean blast,

like a gruff turnkey, kept his vigils, and seldom suffered the gods, Somnus and Morpheus, with their troop of poppy-crowned enchantresses to intrude.

" Whether that evening the downy winged boy bribed his rough humour, or the soft beams of Luna's silver horns lulled him to sleep on the smooth waters of the Loch, it is not in my power to determine; but certain it is, I enjoyed a most profound sleep; and all the shadowy train from Pluto's realm, that paint the pillowed dream, attended my pallet, and spread over my heavy eyelids all the visions of bliss.

" The sun darted his morning rays through the broken tiles into my cheerless chamber, and dissolved the rosy chain of my slumbers, when I instantly rose and descended the stone stair-case into the gothic hall, where my father usually sat, and ate my oat cake, and drank my bowl of meadow's beverage with as much content as if it had been an Apician banquet.

" I had but just finished my recruit, when Sawney Cameron the shepherd,

came booing into the room with all the humility of an eastern slave bending to the glittering Musnud; for it was to the oak chair the adulating bonnet man booed, as my father was not yet come into the room: when he entered the same idolatrous reverence was repeated, until my father had seated himself on the throne of King Fergus; when Sawney asked of his laird his honoured commands.

"'I wanted to know of you, Sawney, if you had been round to my tenants to summon them to attend at the castle to-morrow to pay their rents?'

"Sawney booed again, and assured his laird he had, and that the bonny men would all bring their money:' the last word, a cheering sound with all men, relaxed his pompous brow, and spread a smile, like a sun-beam on the frosty Caucasus upon my father's countenance, and he majestically rose, and three times swept the chamber with his variegated train.

"I walking on his dexter side, and Sawney Cameron booing on the other, when suddenly stopping, and turning to

his menial; 'Sawney,' spoke the laird, extending his long arm, and holding up his towering head like a giant of ancient days, 'you must slaughter one of my best sheep, I mean to treat my vassals as in the golden baronial times, with a carcase roasted whole, and sparkling whiskey. Let the fire be kindled in the morning, that the banquet may be ready by twelve.' Sawny booed to the laird, saying, it should be done, and then putting a face an ell long, repeated, 'the de'il take Captain Thornton;' my father was electrified, and cried, Sawney, what is the matter?—'The de'il take Captain Thornton,' he muttered again.

"'My laird, this morning, as I was counting the herd of black cattle on the long Heath Hill, Captain Thornton, with two large Newfoundland dogs, came galloping over your lairdship's grounds, and as he passed me, he said, the cattle looked as thin as a spritsail yard, and desired me to unlock the gate at the top of the hill, that he might have a shorter sail home.

My blood boiled in my veins, and I told him he might go the way he came, upon which he jumped off his horse, and swore by his top sails he would break every bone in my body if I did not open the gate. So, my laird, I was obliged to lead up his horse and open the gate, when he said, if I had behaved civil, he would have given me half-a-crown.'

"The transition of my father's features was beyond the power of Proteus to assume; he was almost strangled with passion, his face with his coagulated choler was as red as claret, and it was sometime before he could gain utterance for his words, at last the pent up volcano bursted, and were I to repeat the horrible epithets, which, like pealing thunders, shook the time-worn castle, he bestowed upon the poor East Indian for riding over a few yards of granite rocks, it would terrify a rational ear.

"When the hurricane of his rage a little abated, he ordered Sawney to bring him pen, ink, and paper, when he wrote

a formal notice, threatening with the utmost vengeance of the law on the captain, if he ever dared to trespass again on his lairdship, which Sawney was to deliver into his hands the next time he met him usurping his privileges.

"After Cameron's departure, my father went out to dissipate, as I judged by the poor boys piercing cries, his bile, by a violent whip exercise. I flattered myself he would not return, but I was disappointed, as he re-appeared in a few minutes, and sitting down in his regal chair, and wiping the dews of cruelty from his forehead, after a short pause, began the history of his mortal enemy, as he styled him, the East Indian.—'David,' said he, putting on one of his fiercest frowns, and in a voice of thunder, 'Myself and all the neighbouring lairds of the Highlands have suffered more insults, and experienced more plagues since this upstart has intruded himself amongst us, than in all our lives besides. I remember forty years ago he was whipped off Jemmy Mac-

loed's lairdship, for some wickedness of laying snares to catch the heath game, he has since been in the East Indies and brought home half a million of money; he has built him a modern house, and laughs at our ancient castles, saying, they are only fit for the crows to roost in; he has bought up all the best lands in the country, and lately purchased the burgh of ——, and I suppose he means to be a member of parliament, though the fellow knows no more of the articles of the Union, than he does of the ten commandments. He corrupts all our clans with whiskey, and has spoiled with his luxuries the simple manners of the Highlanders. He clears away all the Heath, that ornament of our country, to make English farms; and keeps foreign servants to ridicule our costume and ancient noble customs. Captain Thornton is now the word of respect all through the country, and the Highland laird, the noblest gentleman in Europe, is not now noticed but by his own clan. O! I wish an

earthquake would swallow the reptile up. If I thought that any flesh and blood of King Fergus ever held any communion with this wretch or any of his family, I would transport him to the Antipodes or the Southern Thule.'

"At these violent words the colour rose in my cheeks, and I was going to reply in vindication of the man I respected, when my father interrupted me, by saying, 'I perceive, David, the blood of your royal ancestors flows in your veins, and I esteem you for sharing your father's indignation.' He then went his customary ramble, and I joyfully made use of the breeze to make the port, according to the capain's phraseology, where my lovely Moggy lay becalmed.

"Before I had reached the house, I was met and welcomed by the hearty tar, in the avenue, who expressed great satisfaction in seeing me, and he assured me his little Moggy would feel equally as happy. When we entered the hall, Moggy ran on tiptoe to shake me by the hand, calling me her deliverer; and if ever

eyes told the secrets of a heart, her's betrayed the love and pleasure that revelled there soon as she saw me. The captain, who had been used to the liquid, thought there could be no welcome made without the aid of a libation, and the rum bottle was soon drawn from his lurking place in the cellaret, to make a couple of glasses of grog, which, when we had emptied, he desired me to make myself comfortable with Moggy, whilst he took a tack over his grounds. I was gratified with the opportunity of his absence, though for sometime we remained under mutual embarrassment, and only conversed with our eyes, which, like the summer's opening morn, often mantled her cheeks with blushes. At last I broke the silence by observing, 'their situation was very pleasant;' Moggy paid no attention to the remark, but made an apology for not having had my neckcloth washed. I rejoiced in the circumstance, for had it been given me, I must have returned hers, and it was then in my bosom.

"I observed again, 'their cultivated es-

tate looked like a garden in the desert of the highlands;' but Moggy did not heed me: her thoughts were straying to tenderer subjects; she thanked me for having saved her life. I blushed, and feeling an equal confusion with herself, and to hide it, reverted to other subjects, and remarked, 'Scotland was a very healthy country, and its scenery the most beautiful in Europe;' this was not a subject that could be heard by Moggy, and I scarcely can account how it happened, but I took her hand and pressed it fervently to my lips. She seemed surprised, but not angry; I had broken the ice. I again seized her snowy hand, and pressed it again; she trembled, and the tear stood in her eye. Suffice it to say, I told her I loved her, and her blushes acknowledged the same.

"The captain was detained full two hours longer than he had promised, and in the sweet interval, his lovely Moggy confessed her gratitude. She hesitated, and added, 'she owed her life to me, and, as plain as virgin modesty would allow, her ever-

lasting attachment.' She had learnt who I was, and she sighed and said, 'she wished I had borne some other name, as my father, she believed, detested hers; but she knew the nobleness of her parent's soul, and that he never considered the son guilty of the errors committed by the father.'

"I spent a happy afternoon, and flattered myself to enjoy many more. The captain assured me I should be always welcome at his house; and added, 'I wish your father would prove a good neighbour to me.'

"The morning had arrived, and already the gala began to be displayed at the castle by the roasting of the sheep, and the assemblage of the clan, whose tattered appearance looked more rueful than Falstaff's recruits when marching into Daventry; but mirth sat on their countenances, and the sounds of the merry bagpipes had dispersed all their cares. After my father had breakfasted, he entered the hall of audience, and seated himself in old Fergus's chair. He brandished in his right hand the massive spear with which his

ancestor had driven Galgacus down the Grampian Hills, and wore on his head an ancient helmet, that had blunted many a Roman sword. I was placed on his right side, and his factotum on the left, to give the receipts to the tenants. The minstrels stood behind his chair, and blew a martial air when any of his clanmen entered.

"Not the Macedonian on his Babylonish throne, when Asia was his prostrate prize, ever felt the pride of my father on this state day, whose income did not exceed the pay of a Roman centurion; nor did Cæsar, when he, the triumphant master of the world, after the battle of Pharsalia, entered the senate of Rome, receive such homage.

"This ceremony of receiving his rents lasted about three hours, when the sheep was placed in an enormous wooden dish, and laid on an old oak table, with benches put on each side for the guests. In another apartment the merry bagpipes played, 'O! the boiled haggus of Scotland;' and the procession began to enter the banquet-room. My father, with his enormous

spear, and myself, like little. Talemon, by his side, headed the clan, who followed two by two, the rear brought up by Sawney Cameron, and Madame Stirling, the housekeeper, dressed in one of my great-grandmother's old silk gowns and ruff; the little boy behind, like a train-bearer, closed the procession. Madam Stirling headed the table, and Sawney Cameron sat at the foot; the boy stood at another table, by a keg of whiskey, with a horn in his hand, to attend the guests.

"Such a grotesque scene I had never before witnessed, and I mentally ejaculated, 'What folly in my father;' which, though not perceived by his vassals, would, if known, be the ridicule of the world. When a clanman drank to the health of his laird, the bagpipes played 'O! the merry days of old King Fergus;' and his comrades raised a shout that seemed to endanger the old ruinous castle.

"My father, stalking like Hamlet's ghost up and down his chamber, just bent his lofty head at each salutation.

"I was quite rejoiced when the foolish

day's pageantry ended, and had gained my sleeping turret. I longed for the morrow, to enjoy the rational delight in my dear Moggy's company, and soon as the dawn broke, I made for Holly Hall, her charming residence; never was a youth so happy as myself; never was a maid who loved so well. Days, on feathered wings, flew over our heads, and we hoped they never would end.

"But one evening as I was coming out of Mr. Thornton's house, accompanied by Moggy, I perceived the shepherd looking at me through the gate at the bottom of the avenue. I had left the soft pledge of my return on Moggy's cheek, and was shaking her snowy hand, when I first saw the wretch whom I knew was my father's spy: I flew, though a chillness shook my frame; it was a presage of my future misery, and when I reached the castle, I retired, unperceived, to my bed-room; but though I lay down, I could not sleep; I knew the violence of my father's temper, his inexorable disposition, and unalterable prejudices. In the morning I rose

the happiest of men, but when I pressed my pillow was the most wretched of human beings, and my lot of eternal misery was already cast; for though I resolved to make one effort in the morning to endeavour to move his pity, and incline him to give his sanction to my continuing my addresses to Miss Thornton, I knew it would be unavailing.

"I never closed my eyes the whole night, and when I tottered down the stone steps of the stairs and entered the room where my father sat, I shall never be able to erace from my memory the terrific aspect of his countenance: as soon as I had wished him good morning, he started like a fury from his chair, and seizing me by the collar, with a voice of terror that almost deprived me of my senses, cried, 'wretch, and disgrace to the pure blood of thy ancestors. No, thou hast no ancestors that belong to me, thou art some hireling, some base-born stranger put into the cradle of my infant—What! dost thou league with my enemies? The tears ran in torrents down my cheeks, and I sobbed

violently, uttering 'I am not in league with your enemies; I love Miss Thornton, and I wish to make her my wife.' I shudder even now at his treatment of me after these fatal words escaped from my lips. He dashed me on the stone floor, the blood gushed from my nose, and I fainted.

"When I recovered I found myself in his arms, and I thought his cruelty had relented, but when he found I was not much hurt, his rage returned with redoubled fury. 'What, villain, would you mix your pure blood for paltry wealth, with the daughter of a Herdsman? Swear instantly, monster, or you shall not live another hour on the earth, that from this time, whilst I live, you will not hold communion with any of the Thorntons: swear it, I say, or by Heaven'——I swore on the bible I would not, and he was satisfied.

"When he had gone out to walk over his manor, I slipped up to my bed-room, wrapped up my spare wardrobe, and took thirteen guineas, which was left of the sum my uncle had given me, and my mo-

ther's gold watch I had worn at college out of my little box, and stealing unperceivedly out of the castle, I made for Greenock, where, for eight pounds, I procured a steerage passage to the New World; but first I wrote to my dear Moggy, and stated the conduct of my cruel father, which compelled me to the necessity of leaving my native country, and my assurances of eternal love.

"I arrived at Baltimore seven years yesterday, where I have followed private tuition; that blessed yesterday when I received the letter you saw me reading, acquainting me of the death of my father, and of the worthy Captain Thornton, and of the urgent request of Moggy I should return immediately and be her comforter.

"There is a ship which sails in a few days for Greenock, and by her I shall bid an eternal adieu to the shores of America."

Edward had shed tear for tear with his friend, and when they reached the bridge that led into Baltimore, they exchanged cards, with expressions of regret at their

separation; and Edward walked up to the Indian Queen to prepare for the evening rout in Gay Street, but wishing within himself he could have sailed with his friend to the shores of Old England.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

When Mr. Melliflower and Edward reached Gay Street, they were surprised with the numerous party of *eleganti* that surrounded them, which seemed to include all the fashionables of Baltimore: the company was so large they divided themselves into various coteries for cards and conversation.

Edward had the good fortune to form a unit among the wits of the room, the most distinguished of which were Judge C. and Counsellor M. The little fat brewer being a brother of one of the robe, intruded himself amongst them, so that the Mercuries were furnished with a Momus, or, as is the case all over the world, folly and wisdom were blended together.

The party nearest where they sat, were at a table of *vingt-un*, among which

Edward perceived his rosy inamorata, who was more intent upon the knave of hearts that had slipped from the pack than her game, which occasioned Miss, through her inattention, to lose a considerable number of dollars among her competitors; for fortune's silver shower was upon a Mr. L. brother to an eminent English gentleman of the long robe, the terror of libellers. His lady, Mrs. Washington's neice, was only a gazer of the stratagems of chance.

Edward had supposed his candid billet had awakened the belle's prudence, and as he had not seen her on his first entrance, he naturally concluded she meant to avoid him; but he was soon undeceived,

> " For she sighed, and cast such amorous glances;
> They plainly proved her fresh advances."

He wished to have remained undisturbed with the learned Judge and facetious Counsellor, whose conversation, spite of the sparkling interruptions of the brewer, had much amused and instructed him, particularly on the points relating to the jurisprudence of the United States; but

she solicited so strongly, that Edward was compelled to forsake the hall of wit, and with his fair decoyer enter the temple of fortune, where he was such a novice at cards, that he played to lose; and he was not displeased when the sprightly tones of Terpsichore called them to the ball room, where they danced until the sober dawn in silver veil dispersed the company; when cards were slipped into Edward and Mr. Melliflower's hands, to dine the following day at Belmont, and on the envelope which folded Edward's was a pressing invitation for him to call on Mr. C. early on the morning of the day of appointment.

CHAPTER XLIX.

EDWARD, after he had reposed himself a couple of hours, rose and called on his friend Mr. Macdonald in Charles Street, whom he fortunately met with at home The friends in the short time of their acquaintance, like the twin brothers of Helen, seemed to possess but one soul. He was sincerely grieved when he heard he should sail for love and happiness on the morrow.

Edward sighed deeply, and wrote a letter for his Juliet, which he requested Mr. Macdonald to put into the first post-office he should arrive at in Britain. He gave him also his direction at Box Farm, the place he should remain at when he came to England, until he could accommodate himself; and urgently requested his correspondence, and the pleasure of

his company with Mrs. Macdonald in England.

Edward revealed to him the principal points of his history and his attachment to Juliet: the friends felt equally the pleasing and painful recitals.

Mr. Macdonald importuned Edward, as it was the last day he should spend on the Columbian shores, to accomyany him in a farewell ramble up the Patapses, on whose stream he had shed so many tears; in whose solitude he had only breathed his sorrows. And never could two friends have enjoyed a more pleasant walk: the inmost desires of their souls were imparted, and in that sacred shade, to conceal their salutations from the public eye, they exchanged their farewell embrace, when both with pensive steps returned to their respective lodgings.

CHAPTER L.

As Mr. Melliflower could not spare time from his business to attend Edward into Gay Street, but promised to meet him at Belmont by three o'clock.

He went himself, and after he had paid his compliments to the ladies, Mr. C. said he should be so ungallant as to press his company alone to attend him in his walk, as it was a fine day, to the country.

The ladies, though apparently chagrined, promised to follow them in a short time in the carriage.

Edward rejoiced at the opportunity of enjoying an uninterrupted ramble with Mr. C., whose sensible conversation, and urbanity of manners had already so much delighted him.

As soon as they had passed through the town, and commenced their rural promenade, Mr. C. with that delicacy which is

ever the symptom of a candid and comprehensive mind, informed him of the passion of his neice, that her connections were splendid, and her fortune immense; he was certain, he said, her father would be proud to bestow his daughter's hand and property on so virtuous and sensible a young gentleman, which would be doubly grateful to him as having no son, he wisheing to continue the political interests of his family, and that many of the leading characters of the state had been young English adventurers. I do not mean to include yourself in this class, as I have learned from Mr. Melliflower you are a gentleman of family: but numbers of this city, now its principal merchants, came to America without any property, and have married the largest fortunes in the state. One of these who married Miss C. of Carlton, will dine with us at Belmont."

Edward sincerely thanked Mr. C. and the family of his amiable niece for the honour they meant to have conferred upon him; but he assured him his affections

were unalterably fixed, and that he intended leaving America in a very short time.

Mr. C. urged no farther his suit, and the conversation turned on promiscuous subjects until they reached Belmont. Edward was very much pleased, both with the structure of the villa, the beautiful gardens, and ornamented pleasure grounds. In remarking on the view of Baltimore from the parterre, Mr. C. observed, 'though it now contained some thousands of houses, he remembered when it only boasted of three, which is not more than forty years ago, when he first came to the country; so rapid is the growth of the towns of the New World, when they present the conveniences of commerce. Baltimore may be said to stand at the head of the Chesapeak Bay, which is naturally the finest piece of navigable water in the world, being three hundred miles long, and from fifteen to twenty miles wide; of a depth for the largest ships, and having no impediment or shoal, but the Horse-

shoe, near Norfolk harbour, on the Virginian shore.

In speaking of the peach orchards, Mr. C. said, "in the months of April and May they presented such a carpet of blossoms, when viewed from an eminence, that plains appeared one wide expanse of flowers."

In passing through the apple orchards, Edward observed, "the trees were not of the same magnitude as those of the same species in England."—"They are not;" replied Mr. C., "but it is necessary to observe to you, they bear abundant crops every year; and," he added, "many of their sorts exceeded in flavour those of the English orchards, particularly the Newtown pippin." Edward remarking the trunks of the trees perforated as if they had been shot, Mr. C. said, "it was done by the woodpecker, which bored the bark of the wood for the larvæ of a species of the coleoptera tribe of insects."

In walking over the farm, Edward enquired "what sort of farmers they had in Maryland?"—"Not very able," replied

Mr. C., "they pursue no system of agriculture, in relieving the crops of grain with grasses and turnips, nor have they flocks of sheep to enrich the soil by pasturing them in the manner of the English farmer. They never lime, and scarcely ever manure their lands, but with plaister of Paris, whose sceptical properties on new soils produced excellent crops; but, like lime, it impoverished and exhausted lands frequently cropped, and not invigorated with manures." He observed, "ten bushels of wheat was considered a good crop: an insect," he said, "called the Hessian fly, (as it made there its first appearance), made great ravages on the wheat lands, sometimes destroying hundreds of acres, and wasting it. He believed it was an insect indigenous to the country, produced on the tobacco lands, which, since the war in Europe, had been sown with wheat." He said, "the merchants were the best farmers, who on their lands round their country houses, spared no expense." Edward wondered hedges, that rural ornament to farms, were not more frequent.

Mr. C. observed, "timber was the nuisance of the country, and it was handy to make their fences; but," he said, "they had begun to plant quick."

When they returned to the house, the ladies had just stepped out of their carriage. Edward's rosy plague, who was a very pretty girl, with the exception of her orient pearls, which were very much decayed, a disease that in the bloom of their teens spoil the mouths of the American ladies, came tripping up to him with all the *jolie addresse* of a Parisian coquette, and welcomed him to Belmont, and asked him how he liked its situation. Edward declared it was a very pretty villa, and placed amid a most beautiful scenery. "Have you walked in the garden, Sir?" He informed her he had. "But you have not seen my little parterre of roses; O! Mr. Wortley, I have the sweetest collection of those China flowers you have ever seen: you must oblige me in bestowing your approbation on them:" and she jumped smiling off her chair. Edward, born to be foiled in all his self-defences,

in conformity to politeness, was obliged to follow this Flora to her bower, *en passant.* Miss commented on the vastness of the American scenery. "What are your rivers to that noble flood?" pointing to the Bay of Chesapeak; and the state of Maryland, I have heard my papa say, is half as big as England. O! Sir, you have nothing in the Old Country equal to what is in America. You should be contented, and become a free-born American."

Edward had no time to reply to her patriotic climax, and she had led him all round the garden, and no parterre of roses appeared; but luckily Mr. Melliflower and a group of gentlemen, among whom was the jolly brewer, who seemed approaching to jest Edward with his arch smiles, joined them, and Edward never saw the China flowers, as they immediately returned to the house.

Edward had the satisfaction of paying his respects to the Judge and Counsellor, and a Colonel, who lived at an adjoining seat. The conversation first started at

table, was the topic of agriculture, by the sparkling brewer, who declared that, "not even the English Norfolk farmers knew farming so physically and practically as himself."—"Perhaps," replied a gentleman in the corner, who possessed the features of Joe Miller, "you understand, Mr. P., dissection better."—"Ah!" replies the brewer, "you have always a Rowland for my Oliver, Colonel." On Mr. Wortley's examining his physiognomy, he perceived it was the old bachelor that had given the rub. The brewer continued, "What, because I have often said a goose is a foolish bird, and too small for two persons, and I can swallow a gallon of tallowpin, or our turtle soup, I have an extraordinary appetite. This is nothing to the table exercise of four gentlemen here, who considered it imprudent to invite a fifth to partake of the haunch of a deer, lest his illegal stomach should spoil their feast."—"Mr. P." answered the Judge, "you are always libelling us gentlemen of the law." Fortunately, a gentleman from the back country engaged

the famous agriculturist in conversation, and Edward entered into a close *tête à tête* with the sage of the bench, but not till after he had passed sentence on a dozen dishes. The Judge asked Edward if he had compared the mild penal code of the United States with that of his own country. "We," he added, "deprive no human being of his existence, except for murder; whilst you hang a man for stealing a thimble." Edward replied, "he certainly considered the penal statutes of his own country too sanguinary; but," continued he, "I consider the exposure of your criminals on the public roads, to repair them, under the savage controul of a barbarous task-master, where the most hardened and the lowest villains, and the negro are blended with those who, for a first trespass on society, can scarcely be considered felons, and many of them unhappy exiles from their country, without friends, and whose wants plunged them into the abyss of temptation, a vile disgrace to the character of mercy your states possess, and a stain on the repub-

lican system, which so carefully respects the privileges of man; and which must excite in the breast of the liberal traveller, sentiments of execration against the country."—"It is, Mr. Wortley," spoke the Judge, "a disgraceful stigma upon our state, and which I flatter myself our enlightened legislature will soon wipe away;" and he added, "with the exception of a few amendments, their law was a copy of the English jurisprudence."—"You well consider, I hope," replies Edward, "the exposure of your criminals your own amendment." — "Certainly," answered the Judge, in a chagrined tone; but continuing, "hoped Edward would allow that their provision to prevent arrests under ten pounds was an humane amendment. How many hundreds, nay, thousands of poor families in England are ruined by lawyers' bills for the recovery of debts of from forty-one shillings to five pounds; when I was attorney general of this state, I was sometime in England on public business, and have frequently known cases, where, for the recovery of such small

sums, the law charges have amounted to seventy and eighty pounds; the payment of which has either ruined the family, or imprisoned, *sine die*, the unhappy father. Our process is simply this; for a sum under ten pounds, a warrant, under the creditor's complaint, is issued by a magistrate, and a levy made on the debtor's goods for the exact amount of the sum, unless he can raise a surety, when six months are allowed him to discharge the debt, the expense not exceeding half a crown. Our statutes for the relief of debtors in general are more beneficent; a man cannot be incarcerated if he deliver up his property, but a very limited time, when perfectly exonerated, the unfortunate person begins life again.

"The spirit of our legislators consider the modern relations between the debtor and creditor quite distinct from the times of the Romans, whose pandects are the bases of the western jurisprudence of the world. Commerce, at that period, was almost unknown, and what one man lent another was a part of a limited sub-

stance, which supported himself and family, and a delapidation of which, by a debtor's want of good faith, would inevitably ruin his own and children's prosperity; this occasioned those cruel edicts against the borrower; such as selling him and his children as slaves, to pay the debt, which have so disgraced the Romans, and whose spirit of cruelty still animates the European legislation. But the world is now a family of merchants, and in their transactions, the creditor often pushes the hazard of speculation as much as the debtor, who disposes of his goods; though when mischance arrives, he alone feels the vengeance of the law, the loss of liberty, the loss of fortune, and the loss of reputation." Edward assented to the feeling and luminous observations of this great law officer.

A toast here given to General Washington, put an end to a conversation, which Edward wished, for his own information, had been continued. One of the gentlemen stated to the company an odd question, which was, the party were to decide which of the three principal events of the great

Washington's life, was the brightest and most serviceable to his country; these epochs were—the conquest of American independence; his adoption of the federal government; or his political integrity in avoiding Gallic fraternization, and preserving the United States from a ruinous contest with England? The majority agreed in the latter, and the President's health was again drank with three times three, with enthusiasm.

A desultory conversation here took place; a gentleman of South Carolina remarked, "the lands of Lousiana produced as fine sugar, indigo, and cotton, as the West Indies, and he had no doubt, but that in the course of a century, that that province would abundantly supply the whole world with the tropical productions."

"What will become of the negroes?" briskly asked the blundering, but self-conceited brewer. "Send them off," cried the old bachelor, piqued at his interruption, "in your great mashing tub to Africa." The company all laughed, but

whether at the question, or the silly snarling answer, it cannot be determined, but certain it is, the brewer looked as flat as dead small beer.

A gentleman addressing Edward, asked him how he liked America? he answered, "the hospitality he had received in it, would ever be the proud remembrance of his life."—"You mistake me, though I thank you for your good character of us; it is not," replied the stranger, "our hospitality, but our improvements I asked your opinion of." Edward said, "though he found every convenience that is enjoyed in Europe, he met with no great specimens of the arts."—"You are right, Sir; even our own men of talents cannot find exertions for their genius in the New World. Our West's and other great artists seek protection in the mother country. The stone mason is the only statuary, and the joiner and house painter the only ornamental workmen we want to complete our structures. These, with the labourer and common worker at the coarse trades, are the

only men whose talents are useful to America. Though the man of fortune is always a welcome settler, but few of them come. It is too young a country for a Zeuxis or an Apelles to try his fortune in. In a few centuries, when we want palaces, and temples, and triumphal arches, their genius, as it is now in Europe, will be encouraged here."

Coffee being announced, Edward, through politeness, was compelled to attend Miss P.'s summons by the footman, to the drawing-room. The same battery with stronger ammunition, supplied by the ladies in company, was played upon Edward to persuade him to remain in America; and not, as one of the oldest ladies remarked, to return to that old taxed country (meaning England) again. Edward smiling in serenity, received, without one repelling remark, their incessant attacks. Some of the young misses, of which his rosy assailant was one, invited him to the music room. An antiquated *belle* in the company, as they are called in America, though not more than

sober thirty, seated herself at the piano, and assailed with the piercing squall of Madame Catalani, the tympanum of Edward, with these Italian words from Guarina.

> "O! Primavera, giventù dell' ano,
> Bella madre di fiori,
> D'erbe novelle, e di novelli amori."

When she had, as she thought, sufficiently shook the auditory powers of the Dilettanti, she asked Edward, with a conscious smirk on her countenance as deserving of applause, how he liked her execution of Italian singing. "Excellentissimo," answered he.

The goddess of the China flowers now seated herself at the instrument, to win her share of commendation; and played a pretty French air, beginning,

> "O! l'amour toujors vainqueur."

bridling and intimidating Edward with her circean ogle. He thanked her for her condescension, and with the best

grace he could assume, praised her musical powers, though they consisted of discords, which great composers say, are necessary to the beauty and harmony of music.

Edward, whom the ladies chose to expose like an animal at Bartholomew fair, was compelled to dance the *minuet de la cour* with Miss P., who, retiring to the end of the room, in the confusion of the other ladies who should play to them on the piano, took the opportunity to whisper to Edward if her uncle had spoken to him; his face became as red as scarlet, when luckily he was relieved from his *èmbarrass* by the dulcet notes of the squalling sober dame, who had conquered the instrument.

Edward was a most graceful dancer, and timed every step to the cadence of the tune; all eyes were rivetted on him, and every fair *belle*, as if the apple of discord had been thrown among them, wished him for a partnar. But fate sent Mr. Melliflower into the room with the dire intelligence that the hackney coach was

waiting for them. He never made a more willing bow of adieu, than that he made the ladies, and when escaped from them, thought himself as happy as Telemachus, when he had retreated to an earthly sky from the Elysian fields.

CHAPTER LI.

The next morning the friends started in the mail for the federal city, which is forty-four miles distant from Baltimore, and is a very pleasant ride.

Though the jurisdiction of the city extends over an area of one hundred square miles, yet in its nascent state it has very little appearance of a metropolis. Numbers of houses are erecting, and the president's house, the capitol, and several other public buildings are nearly finished. The capitol is a superb erection in the Grecian style of architecture, but the scaffolding prevented them having a complete view of it. Numbers of speculators have been ruined already by their large building concerns, and among them Mr. Law has suffered severely.

It is situated on a fine navigable river,

the Potomac, on which the heaviest ships might float, but its distance from the ocean will ever prevent its becoming a great commercial port; besides Baltimore is its rival, inhabited by rich merchants, and better situated to receive the productions of the various surrounding states. And though the genius of Washington presides over its destinies, it never will rise in the scale of cities of the New World beyond a town, like the Hague in Holland, for the public offices and residence of the government. George Town lies within its district. And to prove the ingratitude of America to the conqueror of their independence, though this city of union was named Washington in compliment to the general, the venerable epithet is never repeated by the republicans, who call it the federal city, instead of Washington, which is only sounded by foreigners.

The next day Mr. Melliflower and Edward returned to Baltimore, where the former found letters, which induced his immediate return to Philadelphia; nor, to

the great satisfaction of Edward, had he time to make personal visits to his friends; for after having written notes of thanks, they went in a stage to Havre de Grace on the Susquehannah, a beautiful river that flows into the Chesapeak Bay. They rested when they had crossed the river, and the next day by two o'clock arrived safe in the city of Philadelphia, and to Edward's great joy, he heard a vessel would sail for England in two or three days; never did Edward pass so tranquil a night, for hope had presented to him her waters of comfort.

END OF VOL. I.

W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey, London.